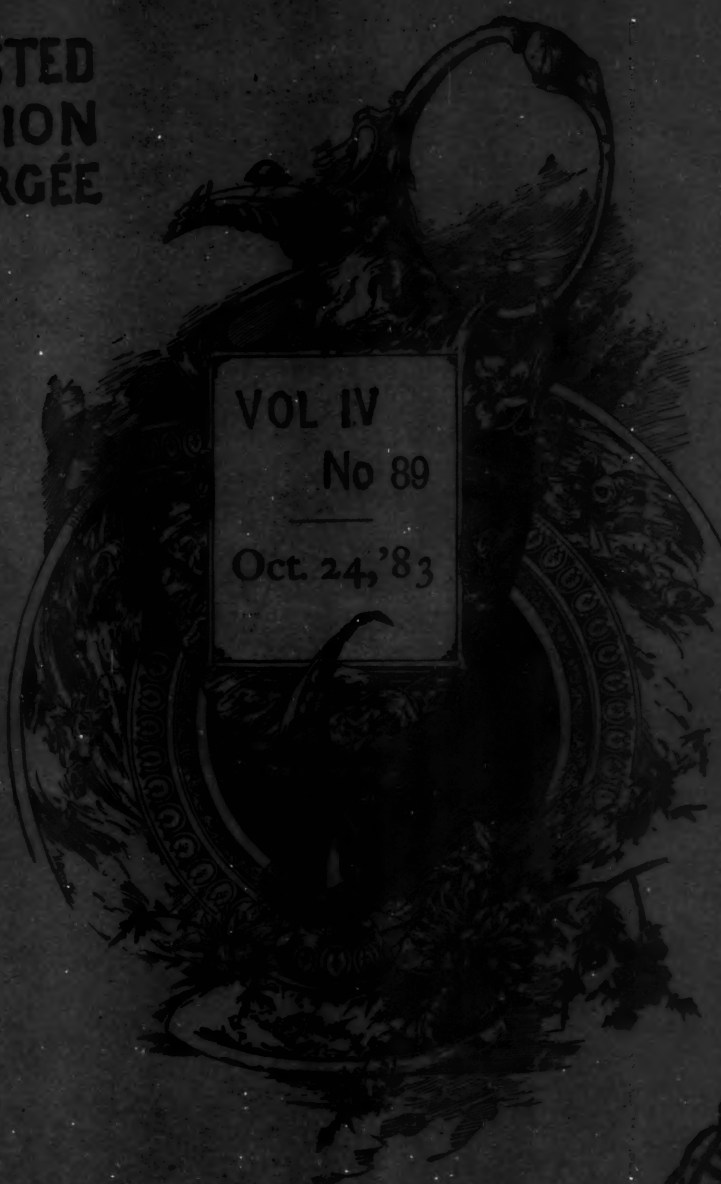


Dr. Lawrence

THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED
BY ALBION
W. TOURGÉE



OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK
26 FIFTH ST. COR. CHESTNUT 25 PARK ROW



CONTENTS—October 24, 1883.

One Day in Late Autumn. <i>Jessie McDermott</i>	The Smoke Nuisance. <i>David Dudley Field</i> ...	531
Illustrated by the author.	No Man's Land. Poem. <i>Isabel Francis Holloway</i> ...	533
Smith: A Chronicle of Old Virginia. <i>Marion Harland</i>	Shabod Turner's Mission. <i>Kate W. Hamilton</i> ...	533
Chapters XXXI, XXXII.	The What-to-Do Club. Chapter IV. <i>Eden Campbell</i> ...	533
Mabel and Carlyle as Critics. <i>Anna B. McMahon</i>	An Anniversary. Poem. <i>Julia C. R. Dorr</i> ...	533
An Ideal. <i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	Editorial. <i>Editorial</i> ...	533
A Dead Flirtation. Poem. <i>Edith Bourke Marston</i>	Balinda, Fido—An Inalienable Right—Overworked—Good American and Bad English—Slang—Illiteracy.	541
Mask. Poem. <i>Annette W. Hall</i>	The Bookshelf. <i>Mr. Raskin's Later Works—Notes</i> ...	541
Bella. (Concluded.) Poet IV. Chapter V, VI. <i>Rhoda Broughton</i>	New Books—Scientific.	543
With Mine. Poem. <i>Josephine Pollard</i>	In Lighter Vein.	544

Forthcoming Numbers of The Continent

Will Contain, among other Interesting Features:

1. Once There Was a Man. By **R. H. NEWELL** (Orpheus C. Kerr.) Illustrated by **F. T. MERRILL**. In *The Continent* for October 31 (No. 90).
2. Venezuela and its Capital. By **HESTER A. POOLE**. With illustrations of places and people.
3. Choice Bits of Thuringia: Eisenach and the Wartburg. By **E. C. WALTON**. Charming illustrations.
4. The Tenants of An Old Farm—Leaves from the Note-book of a Naturalist. By **Rev. Dr. HENRY C. MASON**. Fully illustrated by **JAMES C. BEARD**, **DANIEL C. BEARD**, and others. In *The Continent* for November 7 (No. 91).
5. Other illustrated articles, with the Regular Departments.

TO SUBSCRIBERS: The receipt of the first copy of *THE CONTINENT* will notify new subscribers that their subscriptions have been received. Renewing subscribers will be notified by a change in the number on the printed label that their renewals have been received. No other receipts are given for subscription money, unless specially requested in the letter containing the subscription. In ordering changes of address the old address as well as the new one should be given.

TO CONTRIBUTORS: Authors sending contributions to *THE CONTINENT* will further their own interests by inclosing a stamp to insure notification in case the manuscript proves unavailable. A still better plan is to inclose enough stamps for its return by mail, or to request its return by express. Unavailable manuscripts, not accompanied by stamps, and without a request for their return by express, are kept for six months and then destroyed without further notice. A reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts reaching *THE CONTINENT*, but responsibility for them ends with their formal acceptance is expressly declined.

Address all communications to

THE CONTINENT

No. 36 South Seventh Street, Cor. Chestnut, Philadelphia.

THE CONTINENT

Copyright, 1883, by Our Continent Publishing Company.

Vol. IV. No. 17.

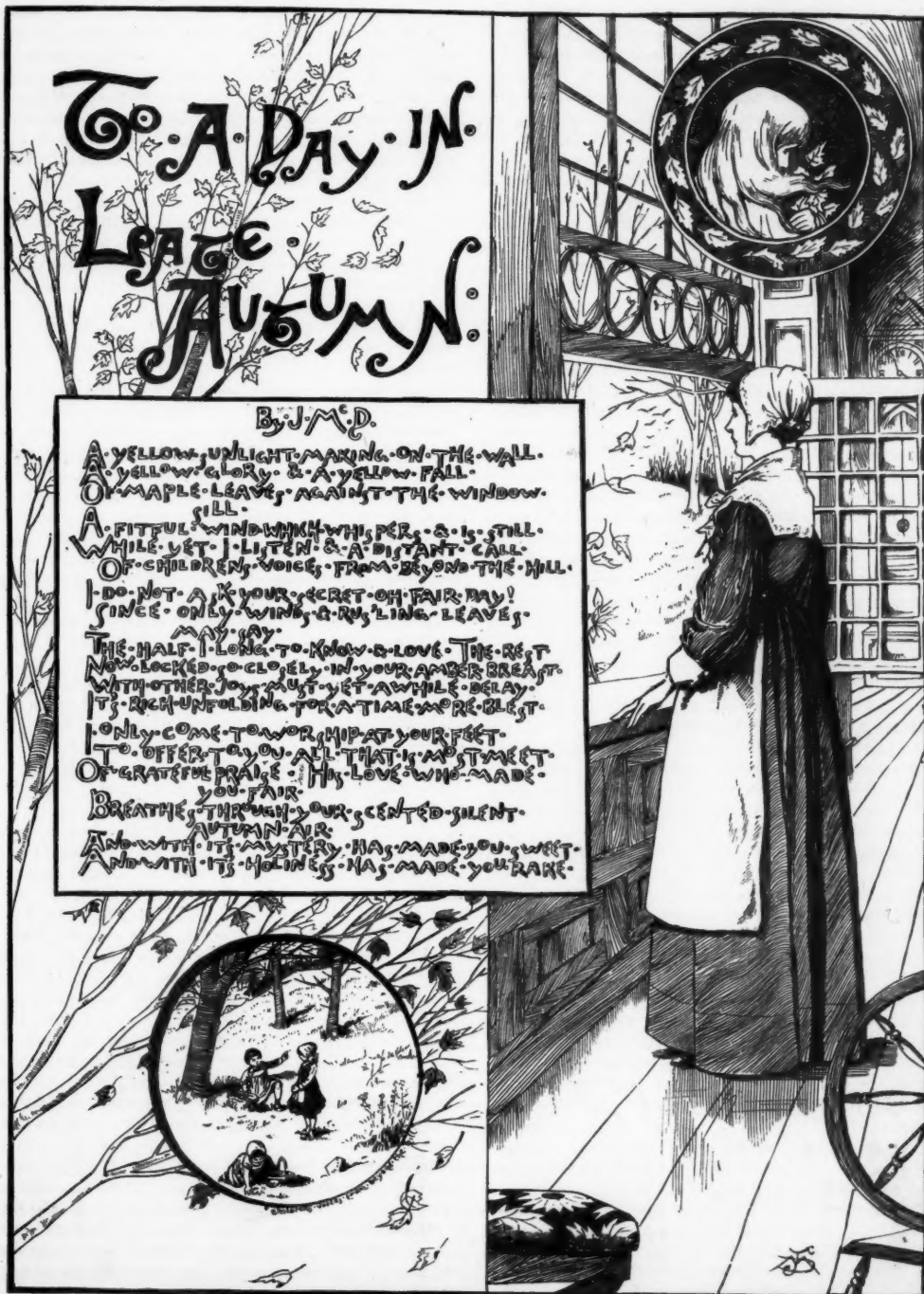
PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 24, 1883.

Whole No. 89.

To A Day In Late Autumn.

By J. M. D.

A YELLOW, UNLIT, MAKING ON THE WALL.
A YELLOW GLORY & A YELLOW FALL.
OF MAPLE LEAVES, AGAINST THE WINDOW.
A FITFUL WIND WHIRL, PER, & IS STILL.
WHILE YET I LISTEN & A DISTANT CALL.
OF CHILDREN'S VOICE, FROM BEYOND THE HILL.
I DO NOT ASK YOUR SECRET, OH FAIR DAY!
SINCE ONLY WINDS & RAIN LEAVES
MAY SAY.
THE HALF I LONG TO KNOW & LOVE THE REST
NOW LOCKED SO CLOSELY IN YOUR AMBER BREATHT.
WITH OTHER JOY, YET AWHILE DELAY.
IT'S RICH UNFOLDING FOR A TIME WERE BLEST.
I ONLY COME TO WORSHIP AT YOUR FEET.
TO OFFER TO YOU ALL THAT I AM & MEET.
OF GRATEFUL PRAISE, HIS LOVE WHO MADE
YOU FAIR.
BREATHE THROUGH YOUR SCENTED SILENT
AUTUMN AIR.
AND WITH ITS MYSTERY HAS MADE YOU SWEET.
AND WITH ITS HOLINESS HAS MADE YOU RARE.



JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. ARCHIBALD READ's wedding-present from her father was characteristic of him and of the times in which he lived. She went to her new home in a handsome carriage built expressly for her, "R" in raised solid silver letters on the doors and the harness of a pair of blooded roadsters selected and bought by the Major, who was a famous judge of horse-flesh. On the box was a young colored man, born in "the family," whose father and grandfather had been reared on the Dabney estate. Beside the coachman—wrapped up to the ears in shawls and blankets, a foot-stove under her feet—was Dosia, the bride's own maid. Both of the servants were to form a part of the Summerfield establishment henceforward, and lent "tone" of no weak character to the equipage.

The bridal pair traveled together, Aunt Maria, myself and Emmeline, our maid, in the Summerfield carriage. The three outriders were Uncle Sterling and the two other groomsmen, who had accompanied us on our townward journey, three days earlier. A crew of children, white and black, and of idling servants collected in the street to watch the departure of the cortège. Aunt Virginia's "Mammy" threw an old shoe after the grand new chariot; Major Dabney and the boys stood outside of the gate, blowing their noses very hard, their eyes watering in the piercing wind. Mrs. Dabney we had left in high and mighty hysterics on the parlor-sofa.

"I never imagined," said I, pertly, subsiding into my corner with a ponderous respiration, "that getting married was such a dreadful business. Even Uncle Archie does not look half as happy as he ought to do. As for Miss—Aunt—Virginia, she can't help showing that she is miserable, and the rest behave as if Uncle Archie were an ogre carrying her off to a cave to eat her up at his leisure. Upon my word"—waxing fretful, for nerves and temper were on edge—"I don't see why she said 'Yes' to him if she was going to feel so badly about leaving home. He didn't oblige her to do it, I suppose. It isn't much of a compliment to him or to us, the way they carry on!"

"Hush, my love! You may understand some things better when you are older and have seen more of the world," was all the reply I had.

It was gently uttered, but Aunt Maria's mild dignity always quelled my saucy fits more effectually than did Aunt Betsey's lectures or my mother's occasional sarcasm.

My mentor was hardly in her usual spirits that day, which was the coldest of the season. I fancied that the necessity of having the glasses of both doors closed to exclude the biting air was not disagreeable to her; that she would rather think than chat with our escorts. They fared hardly enough, although their surtouts were heavy, their necks and ears shielded by turned-up collars and woolen scarfs, their legs incased in close "wrappers." Every few miles one or another was obliged to dismount and walk briskly along the frozen turnpike to restore circulation to his limbs. Blankets and foot-stoves kept us from absolute discomfort, our

vehicles being well-built and the winter wadding, or "squabs"—to wit, cushioned inner curtains—excluding the searching blasts. Five miles out of town we halted suddenly and saw that the carriage in front was stationary. Uncle Archie opened our leeward door.

"How are you getting on in here? We stopped to let Dosia get down from the box. Virginia was uneasy about her. She is not strong at any time, and this is not fit weather for a woman to be out, so we have taken her inside."

"Put her in *here*," said Aunt Maria, promptly. "There is plenty of room, you see. It would be by far the better arrangement for all."

"What a jewel of a sister!" a loving, grateful smile illumining his face. "I never thought of that. If you really wouldn't mind—"

"I should like it. Don't stand there freezing your feet, but run along and send her and her foot-stove and bandbox to us!"

In another minute he was back himself, gravely regretful. "Virginia is afraid Dosia would crowd you too much, there being three of you, already, and only two of us. She says if anybody is inconvenienced by her maid she ought to be that one. You know how unselfish she is. The girl is stowed away and tucked in with the whole front seat to herself. I am just as much obliged to you, Maria, but perhaps it is best to let matters remain as they are. Take care of yourselves, and keep as comfortable as you can. It is bitter weather!"

He spoke fast, for it was freezing cold, shut us up again, and was off.

"Miss Virginny 'll sp'ile Doshy fo' sho', ef she humors her in that 'ar way," commented country-bred Emmeline in strong reprobation. "I don't know what *she's* a-thinkin' 'bout to be willin' to stay thar'. She mought have sense 'nough o' her own fur to see that 'taint noways consequential to be a-pushin' herself into a cuarridge 'longside o' new-married folks. I 'd 'a' friz stiffer 'n a ice-sickle 'fore I 'd 'a' sot foot inside!"

"Miss Virginia is always thoughtful of others' comfort, and is the best judge of her own affairs," replied Aunt Maria as quietly as she had reproved me; then leaned back and shut her eyes, as if drowsy.

We dined at the "House of Entertainment," and having left word to that effect on our way to Richmond, we found gloriously hot fires and a bountiful dinner ready for us, with host and hostess in holiday attire to receive the wedding-party. The hour spent within the hospitable hostelry was a most welcome break in the severe journey. The one mitigation of its rigor was the hardness of the roads, which enabled us to traverse the distance in less time than if the depth of winter mud had prevailed. But we were tossed and battered over frozen lumps and ridges of clay as over so many stones.

We had started early and traveled well, still the days were at their shortest, and we saw the sun sink into an uninviting bed of clouds behind the rambling roofs of Summerfield as we turned into the half-mile outer gate of the plantation. Aunt Maria's eyes were dark and heavy, her cheeks wan now that the need of exer-

tion and outward cheerfulness was removed. She was very silent all day, and I had slept myself into better humor. She smoothed my tumbled hair, now, tied on my hood and straightened the cape of my cloak, smiled and spoke pleasantly.

"How good it will seem to get home again and in such happy circumstances! And if we are tired and cold we won't be cross and ungrateful, Judith, dear—will we?"

Not one jot or tittle did Aunt Betsey abate of the ceremonies with which the future mistress of the homestead should be brought to her abiding-place. A double line of servants fell into position along the walk from the house to the gate, grinning and courtesying, their teeth chattering and eyeballs rolling with excitement and cold. Between these walked the bride on her husband's arm, Uncle Sterling at her other hand, the two groomsmen escorting Aunt Maria and my puny, consequential self. The hall-door flew wide open as we reached the steps, and Aunt Betsey, arrayed in black satin and sheer lawn stomacher, issued forth.

"Lift her over the threshold, Archie!" cried she, when she had embraced the bride. "My dear boy! don't you know it is bad luck to let her touch her foot to the sill?"

He obeyed with such good-will that he did not set down his lovely burden until he put it into his mother's arms. They had not suffered Grandma to venture into the fireless hall. She awaited us within the drawing-room, a striking picture in her gentle stateliness; her fine face alight with youthful fire, her beautiful old hands held out eagerly.

"My dear children!"

"Oh, mother!" It was a piteous cry with which the girl, who could not recollect her own mother, cast herself on the tender bosom and clung there, weeping aloud and wildly, "Mother! Mother! Mother!"

Grandma motioned Uncle Archie away as the fit of emotion grew violent, and beckoned Mammy to her aid. Between them they got Aunt Virginia to the chamber in the wing which had been made brave and bright for her occupancy, and nursed her into warmth of body and outward composure.

Uncle Archie was left to get rid of his chilliness over the fire in the drawing-room, and to parry as best he could the impertinent felicitations of his brothers who, at first, alarmed by the reception-scene, speedily found in it infinite amusement when coupled with the circumstance of the long drive the newly-wedded pair had taken, virtually *en tête-à-tête*, Dosia counting for nothing in the conversation. I could have fought them both as they piled compassion for her upon remonstrance with him for having talked her to death, and seriously augured terrible things for the future of the persecuted woman. There was neither wit nor sense in their rattle.

"Do stop them, Aunt Maria!" entreated I, angry, unshed tears scalding my eyelids. "They tease him so! And he looks so sick and tired!"

"He can afford to let them laugh!" She slipped her hand under her brother's arm and leaned her cheek on his sleeve, as he stood at the corner of the hearth, his elbow on the mantel, paler than I had ever seen him in health, and hardly seeming to hear the nonsense hummed about his ears.

"Sterling is only mad with jealousy, and Wythe is his echo," pursued the sister, merrily. "Archie understands this too well to listen to what they say. Virginia is chilled through and completely tired out,

brother"—in a different tone. "She has kept up nobly all through the weeks of wedding-haste. If you could see the work she has done you would wonder that she is alive—not that she broke down when she felt that she was at last at home and where she could afford to rest!"

His arm encircled her with an abrupt movement; his eyes overflowed with the fond smile that unbent his lips.

"There was never such another woman for saying the right thing at the right time! Sterling!" resuming the elder-brotherly tone that always enforced respect—"will you go up stairs and see that Clem and Archer have all they want? Tell Jack to keep up a good fire in their room until bed-time. Supper will be ready in an hour—did you say, Aunt Betsey? Then I shall have time to go out to the stables and give an eye to things generally."

Aunt Maria's look expostulated, but her tongue did not. The young planter paid his nightly visit of inspection to the farm-yard, and received a condensed report from his head man of what had been done in his absence; then, coming in, made the needful changes in his dress in his mother's room not to disturb his wife, who was lying down in her apartment while Dosia unpacked one trunk. When supper was ready Aunt Betsey sent me for him.

"Tell him he must bring your Aunt Virginia into the dining-room," said the punctilio-loving relative.

Her relish of the situation and of her rôle was something to see and to remember.

Grandma was in her easy-chair. Uncle Archie had thrown himself on the rug at her feet, and sat, holding her hand while they talked.

"Very well! You will wait for Grandma," he said, when my message was delivered.

He tarried an instant to fold her shawl about her, and to lay more wood on her fire. His mother's comfort must never be a secondary consideration.

She stood behind her chair at table, the rest of us in due order behind ours, when the butler, privately instructed by Aunt Betsey, flung open the door to reveal the wedded twain approaching, arm-in-arm. The bride had rallied from faintness and tearfulness; her complexion was brilliant, her blue eyes starry, her "second-day's dress" enhanced the effect of her fairness and the beauty of her red-gold curls. The man beside her looked like a prince in the glory of his content. He took the master's post at the foot of the table, placing her beside him, and, all still standing, he asked a blessing on "the food provided for our use." Everything was so natural, yet so utterly unlike the olden days when almost the same party sat at meals in the same room for weeks together, that I was dazed as to my whereabouts and identity.

The "infair" supper was in constituents and quantity expressive of Aunt Betsey's convictions as to the importance of the time and circumstances. There were, at least, ten dishes of meat, as many of cake, preserves, jellies, etc.; the same number of varieties of hot bread. The groomsmen, hungry after the long, cold ride, did ample justice to the feast, and were kept in countenance by my younger uncles. Aunt Maria ate sparingly; Aunt Virginia strove to cover her lack of appetite by a social flow of chat with those near her, and perhaps did not see the solicitous glances Uncle Archie stole at her plate. He would never annoy her by overt assiduity of attention, but her slightest motion did not escape him.

In obedience to respectable custom, the conversation, under Aunt Betsey's direction, contained numerous references to the wooing and betrothal.

"A fashion which is less considered each year," remarked Mrs. Waddell, mournfully, in a gap that gave her opportunity to utter the lament for the benefit of recusants. "In my day no other topic was thought to be quite the proper thing at wedding entertainments."

"What was done when there was neither courtship nor engagement in the usual sense of the terms?" put in Uncle Archie, boldly. "And we had none—to speak of!"

The general laugh diverted notice from the grateful look the wife stole at him from under her lashes. I apprehended, if she did not, that he would have interposed his hand between her and living fire as readily as he raised a shield to turn aside gossip that might confuse her.

The weather had not moderated by half a degree by the following morning, but a gray pall was stretched from horizon to horizon over the steel-blue sky of yesterday. It was too cold to snow—much too cold to rain—yet the clouds drooped gloomily lower as the day wore into afternoon. Our cousins, the Reads from Burleigh, and the Fonthill Archers, also connected with us by consanguineous ties, were invited to dinner. We could not have a "dining-day" so soon after Diana Macon's death, yet the company of relatives should have been merrier than they succeeded in becoming. The elder ladies clustered in the corners nearest the fire, and talked soberly in mellow Southern accents; their husbands discussed politics with one another and the most thoughtful of the younger men, while even Clem Read faltered perceptibly in the unpromising undertaking of flirtation with the unwedded women of the party who were all his first cousins. Aunt Virginia wore a pea-green silk gown with delicate lace trimmings, one of the prettiest in her trousseau. She did her best, in attire and demeanor, to enliven the somewhat too-domestic scene, and must have been secretly disheartened at the result.

If she did not draw comparisons between it and the hilarious junketing of one year ago, I did, and in dissatisfaction too deep for endurance or expression. It was not only the absence of the brilliant Macon element, or the obtrusive memory of their sorrows, nor yet the paucity of other beaux and belles that wrought flatness of general effect and induced individual depression. I felt, vaguely, that the life had gone out of everything; that the pretense of gayety was a palpable and obvious fiction, and that the every-day level of Summerfield existence would be a relief after the prescribed festivities were finally and thoroughly disposed of.

When dinner was over, and young, old and middle-aged women surrounded the yule fire in the parlor, while their masculine associates smoked in the dining-room, I abandoned the cast of fine lady, to which I had taken a fancy during my town experiences. It might do well enough there; in the country it was unremunerative—at my age. I ran up stairs for my cloak and warm d hood, convened a posse of dark-skinned attendants, and rushed off on a frolic over the frost-bound hills with the zest of a boy let loose from school. As I ran, I shouted in the delight of the relief, and my hand answered with Christmas yells. Aunt Virginia, in the sedulous talk-making the poor girl had maintained all day, had said in my hearing how fond she was of persimmons, and that they were rarely brought to the Richmond market. There was a persimmon-grove not far from the plantation gate, and this was the ostensible object of the expedition. I wondered, while the wild scamper warmed my blood and dispelled the blue-devils I could not fight in-doors, if the pretty, pa-

tient chief guest, still trying to make talk in the house I left further behind at every bound, would not be glad to doff her pea-green silk, and clad in sensible merino, forget dinner-party and bridehood in my company.

The sharp frosts had strewn the ground with fruit. There was a saying with us that persimmons were not really ripe until Christmas. Those we picked up were slightly shrivelled like the skin of healthy old age; in color, dark-purple—almost black, and touched with a silvery film as a plum is with misty blue. Inside, the glossy brown seeds were incased in juices, sugared to granulation, a dry, dulcet, mealy pulp, far superior in flavor to the more highly-esteemed date. I sent the boys up the trees when we had cleared the ground under them, and made them shake down fresh supplies. At last I climbed a small tree myself, totally oblivious of so much as a shred of my late "best behavior," and swung gayly in the supple branches, found in the frozen fruit a more sumptuous dessert than all Aunt Betsey's dainties. I had just dropped to the earth by letting myself down at full arm's length from a lower bough when one of my convoy gave a screech.

"Lor', Miss Judith! Looky dar! Dat horse done fall down!"

A covered "carryall," a four-wheeled cart with a long, painted wooden body and a tent-cloth top, was at the plantation gate. The colored driver had alighted to unlatch and open it, but had brought his wretched-looking horse too near before checking him. The gate was heavy and better hung than those the man was used to handling. It slipped from his hold at the first jerk and swung open with such force as to knock the jaded beast off his feet. He went down prone, like a dead thing, snapping the shaft in the fall and made no effort to rise.

We rushed pell-mell to the scene of action, the latter element being embodied in the man's kicks and tugs at the prostrate animal, and the agile leap from the rear of the vehicle of a woman, done up in a red blanket-shawl. She interrupted her scolding of the driver by a shriek at sight of me, darted forward and caught me in her arms, persimmons, basket and all.

"Miss Judith! Miss Judith! Mussiful Marster in heaven! ef here ain't the blessid chile herself!"

I knew her voice before I did her face, which was thin and haggard, woefully changed from the coquettish prettiness of the "red-winged blackbird," Harry Macon's maid.

"Apphia!" I gasped. "Where is—"

"Hishe! honey, hishe!" pointing to the carryall. "I done been brung her back—what's left of her!"

What was left of her! More apt description could not have been given of her who slowly descended from the carryall with the help of Apphia on one side, the colored man on the other. The eyes looked out from hollows where lurked ashy shadows, the forehead was bloodless, the nostrils pinched, the lips shrunken and fever-dried. On each cheek was a blotch of hectic scarlet, kindling up fierily when Apphia entreated her not to alight.

"He cannot go further!" she whispered, nodding toward the horse. "I will walk!"

But she staggered at the first step and leaned against the wheel. Apphia pulled a blanket from the cart, wrapped her in it from head to foot, and made her sit down on a fallen tree-trunk in the lee of a bushy cedar.

"Come here, Miss Judith, and stay 'long her—won't you—please? I've got to help him hyste that horse up, I s'pose. 'Fore I'd be sech an empty-headed, awkward buzzard as not to know how to open a gate! Here!

some of *you*, thar'! pick up your feet an' run to the house fas' as you can clip it, an' tell Mars' Archie Read how Miss Harry Macon is here—mighty sick and mos' frozen to death, an' won't he sen' somethin', if tain't nothin' but a tumbler-cuart, for to fetch her in. Be off!"

Without a look after the bevy that flew like startled snow-birds at her imperious mandate, she bent the energies of arm and tongue to the effort to help the horse up and to the salutary beratement of his owner.

"I wouldn't lift a finger to help either you or your crow-bait," she took care to inform the fellow, "ef 'twasn't that your rubbish has got to be cleared 'way from the gate to let Mr. Archibald Read's carriage pass through!"

Horror-stricken into dumbness, I stood behind Miss Harry (I never think of her by any other name), put my arms around her and tried to uphold her against my chest. She shivered with cold or agitation, and coughed several times so violently that she leaned back, quite spent in my embrace at the close of each paroxysm. Her eyes were shut and I thought she was dying. Apphia's emissaries sped fast, and there was assuredly no lagging in the response to the summons they bore. But months have been briefer to me than the interval during which my benumbed feet seemed freezing to the iron earth, and colder dreads settled horribly on my soul. Two or three of the least of the colored children huddled together at a terrified distance and watched us; Apphia and the stupefied driver got the horse up, and he tied the pieces of the broken thill together with a rope he drew from the straw in the bottom of the cart, she holding the fragments in place, her sharp tongue never still. The drooping clouds borrowed increasing darkness from approaching night; the wind murmured ceaselessly in the pine tops, and presently fine, close rain began to sift down upon us, glazing the carryall-top and the log on which Miss Harry sat. Apphia begged her to get back into the cart, but she opened her eyes in a vacant stare, a bemused, uncomprehending look, and shook her head. The woman poured something from a bottle into a cup, and held it resolutely to the parched lips until it was swallowed. My tears found vent and trickled silently down my face as I saw Apphia wipe hers away with a corner of her shawl.

The drizzle was a dense veil between us and the homestead, and the beat of many swift feet on the frozen road was the first token we had that help was at hand. Uncle Archie was foremost in the race. Too anxious to wait while the carriage was made ready, he had ordered that it should follow him with speed, and run all the way from the house. With the perverse disposition to mark trifles that besets us in supreme crises, I noted that he had come out in his low shoes and without hat or surtout. He was white and out of breath, and the forked vein in his forehead was swollen and blue. Halting momentarily a few feet from us, he steadied himself for the meeting, walked quietly up to my charge, dropped on one knee, took her in his arms, and kissed her as he would his sister.

"Lean all your weight on me, Harry! The carriage will be here directly."

Not a syllable more was spoken, until he lifted her like a child in his arms and laid her among the pillows Aunt Betsey had put into the carriage.

"Get in, Judith," he said to me, and himself stepped in after us, supporting the sinking form on his broad breast until we were at home.

This was his fulfillment of the compact on which they

had shaken hands eleven months before this Christmas night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MOUNTED messenger had spurred off in one direction through the rainy darkness for the doctor. Clem Read had gone in person to Hunter's Rest to convey the intelligence of the prodigal's return. The coaches from Burleigh and Fonthill had rolled away, the lamps shedding sparkles of tremulous light upon the sleety twigs of wayside brushwood and striking broadly on bank and tree-bole, thinly coated with ice. Below-stairs and in the outlying servants' houses the subdued stir of intense emotion was like the muffled breathing of a single strong, living thing. Those who walked trod on tiptoe; those who talked spoke in hurried whispers. Grandma and her sons sat together over the dining-room fire, scarcely exchanging a sentence from one minute to another. Aunt Betsey slipped soundlessly from chamber to chamber, making ready for those who would be with us before midnight—the physician, the brothers, and possibly the father of her whose earthly life was, for aught we could see, narrowed down to the measure of hours.

They had put her to bed in Aunt Maria's room. Unobserved in the preoccupation of the attendants, I crept, cold and forlorn and all dressed as I was, into my own little bed in the remote corner of the apartment, and had the comfort of feeling myself out of the way, yet where I would not lose sight of the sufferer. My fondness for her was augmented into a passion of devotion by the romantic episodes of our intercourse during the spring, and by commiseration for her present evil plight. I was in childlike earnest when I said to myself that I would willingly lay down my life if by so doing I could put her back into her father's arms, the incarnation of youth, beauty and joy she had been a year ago. As it was, I could do nothing but pray for her, and my faith was weak as to the efficacy of ungrammatical petitions not ordered according to ecclesiastical rules. Such poor ejaculations as formed themselves in my thoughts arose no higher than my head, like bits of thistle-down in damp air. I hoped the Lord understood how much I wanted my dear Miss Harry to get well, and how unhappy I was when I could not make a prayer good enough in which to ask Him to bless and cure and make up to her for all she had undergone; but I had grave and harrowing doubts whether they ever got to His ears or not. It was not likely that a little ignoramus, half-frightened out of her wits by the imminence of the peril, could frame "an acceptable petition." Uncle Archie's morning family devotions included a clause that entreated blessings on "all who are near and dear unto us." In my misery I fumbled the phrase over and over in my mind as measurably available in the circumstances, whispering mechanically, while my senses were intent upon the scenes before me:

"O Lord! bless those who are near and dear to us, and suffer no accident to befall them this day!"

Silence succeeded the bustle of removal and disrobing. Mammy had gone to the kitchen to make broth and tisanes. Aunt Maria and Aunt Virginia watched at the bedside. The rays of a shaded lamp on the mantel showed dimly the gala dresses the sisters-in-law had not bethought themselves to lay aside. Harry rested high among the pillows, her respiration easier as she dozed off into a natural slumber, her face ghastly but for the red spots that seemed to glow through the half-lights of the chamber. She had lain thus for per-

haps an hour, her watchers as motionless as herself, when suddenly she opened her great eyes wide and directly upon Aunt Virginia.

"I didn't want you to marry him!" she said, distinctly, although her voice was thin and shrill with weakness. "I told you Archie Read was the stronger of the two—the noblest fellow in the world—and had loved you long and well. But you needn't have *jilted* the other. It almost broke his heart."

It was Aunt Maria's hand that stroked the fevered cheek caressingly, her soft accents that strove to dispel the delirium. "Harry! dear child! you are dreaming. You are at home—at Summerfield—Grandma Read's—don't you know? Don't try to talk, until you are stronger!"

"I must find out the truth. My word is pledged! He was so good to me in Philadelphia that I want to show my gratitude in some way—before I die. I used to think—I believed—that he was in love—with you, Maria—"

"Harry! wake up, dear! I cannot let you run on so! You distress yourself. Never mind about it now. There will be time enough to tell us by-and-by!"

I may have been mistaken, but I fancied I saw an involuntary smile sweep over the pitying face of the nurse as she cooed dissuaves in the ears of the excited invalid. She brought water and bathed Harry's head and wrists, apparently totally unsuspecting that there was weight or coherence in the broken sentences. The sick woman put her by with an impatient gesture—the regal air that belonged to her former self.

"He told me all about it one night. I never really knew Mr. Bradley until then. He said his love for you was a passing fancy—"born of propinquity," he said. You know how he puts things. That his heart had been Virginia Dabney's from the first day he saw her. He kept it a secret while he lived here. He thought Archie loved her, and he was his friend. After he went to Richmond she told him that Archie could never be more to her than a dear brother. There was nothing dishonorable, then—Sit still! I *must* speak!"

For Aunt Maria on one side, Aunt Virginia on the other, had arisen by a common impulse, staring straight into one another's eyes across the death-bed. Such a look! blank with amaze, woeful to agony, despairing as the gaze of the lost! For one second each saw this in her sister's face; then, the three-days wife fell on her knees with a stifled cry and buried her head in the coverlet as if to escape from mortal sight.

Aunt Maria stooped to Harry's ear.

"Do you know what you are saying, Harry Macon? Look at me! I am Maria Read. You are feverish and wandering—are you not, dear?"

A dreary smile wrung the altered features.

"I know you better than I do myself. You call me 'Harry Macon.' I thought once that I was Mrs. Waring. I have had three or four *aliases* since then. But I haven't strength or time to talk of my affairs. I promised Mr. Bradley solemnly that you—Where is Virginia Dabney?" lifting her head to look for her. "I am glad to see that you are sorry you treated him so cruelly. Why did you send his letters back as fast as they came, without a word of explanation? It was shameful unkindness. It was unladylike, too, and *that* surprised me. It will be visited upon you before you die. All my folly and hardness of heart has come home to me sevenfold. 'God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' That is the fire that is consuming me. Oh! I am so thirsty!"

Aunt Maria raised her to drink the lemonade she held to her mouth, but without speaking. Aunt Virginia arose slowly, her rosy face blanched, her eyes dilated; wrung her hands hard, then lifted them clenched and high toward Heaven.

"As the Lord lives, I did no such thing! I never had a letter from him after he left Richmond last July! I wrote to him four times begging him to explain his silence. Oh, who has done this wicked thing? My darling! my poor, deceived, true love! What shall I do? what shall I do?"

Harry sat upright, trembling and eager, a dreadful splendor in her eyes.

"Write to him this very night! I have his address. How happy he will be! Through *me*, too! He was so kind—so kind!"—yielding to the gentle violence with which Aunt Maria drew her back to the pillow. "Thank God I can do some good! Now—I—can—sleep!"

The young wife swept hurriedly by me to the door; the swish of her silken skirts died away on the stairs. Aunt Maria sought a cordial and pressed it upon the exhausted patient, covered her up and waited, her fingers on the wasted wrist, to see her lapse into slumber. Then her head fell on her breast, and a single groan tore its way through heart and lips:

"Oh, my God!"

Distraught and hopeless though she was, the cry was a prayer.

Profound stillness filled the room. The sick woman slept; the watcher made neither moan nor motion. The rising wind cried fretfully outside, and the sleet hissed against the panes. The dull flame of the single lamp swayed slightly in the air that found its way between the sashes, brought out flickering gleams of ruddy sheen from the folds of Aunt Maria's garnet silk gown. She had sunk to the floor, her elbows on the bed, her face hidden by her hands. The graceful head had the droop of a bruised flower. Of all the sad scenes and crises that have come into my life, none has been more utterly tristful, more lightless than this.

In trying to grasp the complication of mystery and calamity, my brain succumbed wearily into a heavy sleep that lasted until daylight.

I awoke with a startled sense that I was in a crowd of people, all staring at me. My corner was clear, but about the bed at the far side of the chamber were collected those whose presence had wrought the oppression of my dream. Captain Macon was close beside his daughter on the left, facing me, holding one of her hands. Sidney's cheek was laid on the other as he knelt at her right. Roderick leaned against the foot-board, shaking with sobs, his handkerchief to his eyes. Uncle Archie stood behind Captain Macon's chair, gazing in mournful steadfastness at his old playfellow and pet. His arm was about his wife's waist, and she clung to him, her face hidden on his breast. Aunt Betsey held a glass of cordial, hoping against certainty that the dying woman might revive sufficiently to swallow a few drops. Grandma was at the bed-head, and in her clear, wistful eyes was prophecy that outran faith, the beckoning of some safe spirit on the Other Side rather than the farewell benediction of one who expected soon to follow the passing soul. Mammy was by her, her arms crossed meekly on her bosom, her head bowed—waiting. Aunt Maria's tender arms had raised the sufferer at her own request. She sat on the bed, supported by the head-board; Harry rested against her, her head on her shoulder, her cheek against the pure, sad face bent toward her.

She was going—fast but painlessly, each breath more

faint than the last. Her eyes were fixed in an upward look, but she smiled as her father leaned over to kiss her—the loving, grateful gleam that quivers about the mouth of a drowsy child under her mother's "good-night" caress. In a minute more Uncle Archie set his wife aside gently, stepped forward, took the still shape from his sister's embrace, laid it down, and closed the eyes with a solemn, brotherly pressure.

From Apphia we gathered the story of Harry's wanderings since she fled at midnight from her father's door. Her entreaties that her husband would fulfill his promise of taking her to England were parried for awhile by his protestations that he had not the ready money in hand for the voyage. After the arrival of the cases sent from Hunter's Rest, she, with Apphia's help, sold all her jewels and laces and procured the sum needed to defray the expenses of the three across the ocean and to Fairwold Hall. Apphia had only conjectures to offer as to the particulars of the scene attendant on her proffer of the money to the exile. But Harry never spoke afterward of going to England and fell—purposely, or because those about her used the name—into the habit of speaking of her husband as "Mr. Trevelyan." From this interview Apphia also dated his changed demeanor toward his wife. Up to that time he had played the lover-husband and the polished gentleman. Thenceforward, he was sulky, sarcastic, occasionally violent, upbraiding her continually for her obstinate refusal to apply to her father for pecuniary aid, threatening to abandon her to disgrace and poverty, allowing her to go penniless for weeks, and leaving her with her faithful servant in miserable lodgings in country or village while he was "starring" with circus troupes in the principal cities of the North and East. Finally, he gave her the choice between writing to her father, divulging the true state of affairs and asking him to maintain her and the man she had married—and taking care of herself for the future without his assistance.

The betrayed wife was proud enough and strong enough to accept the alternative, but in the prostration of a broken heart, she revealed to Apphia that neither John Waring nor Frederic Trevelyan was the man's real name. He was the natural son of a dissolute English baronet who had educated him showily, and attached him to his person in a mongrel capacity—part companion, part secretary, part jester. His mother was an Italian ballet-dancer, of whom the boy had no recollection. He traveled and rioted with his father after leaving school, the baronet glorying in the lad's beauty and sprightliness, most of all in his athletic feats, and encouraging his intimacies with *habitués* of cock-pits, circuses and races, not to mention worse places. The twain lived high and fast until the elder fell dead of apoplexy at the conclusion of a nocturnal carousal, and his property descended to his legal heirs. At twenty-one the pseudo John Waring belonged to a theatrical company, something after the order of the modern variety show, where his skill in gymnastic exercises was even more popular than his vocalization. Both, with his magnificent *physique*, were inherited from his mother. At twenty-seven he had journeyed far and sustained many characters, more or less brilliantly. His masterpiece of fraud was the well-sustained guise in which he secured admission to Major Dabney's house and won Harry Macon's heart.

It was a pitifully common, vulgar tale up to that epoch; a catalogue of venal cheats and jugglery, shrewdly planned and audaciously executed. The tragic element was added on the night of his elope-

ment with the petted daughter of a noble family. He deserted her in Philadelphia the latter part of August, and she had never heard from him since then. She lived in one small garret-room with her devoted retainer, their united efforts barely sufficing to earn the necessities of life. The mistress took in fine sewing from customers for whom Apphia did clear-starching and ironing. One November evening as the latter was hurrying homeward after a day's work, she met under a lamp on Chestnut Street a man who accosted her by name. It was Mr. Bradley. She took him with her up to the mean attic to which her mistress had been confined for a month by a severe cold. The *ci-devant* tutor recognized at a glance that the malady was more deeply-seated than Apphia feared or Harry dared hope. He returned next day with a physician, who confidentially confirmed his fears. Mr. Bradley found an opportunity to tell Apphia that her mistress' one chance of life lay in her return to Virginia. The doctor undertook to build up her strength so far as to enable her to take the journey. Change of air and good nursing must accomplish the rest.

From the hour Harry heard of the project she rallied marvelously. She bound Mr. Bradley over by a solemn pledge not to write to her friends at home that she was found. She would go back to them in person, praying for pardon and an asylum. But he called often, paid secretly through Apphia for better food and a constant fire, and insisted upon lending "Mrs. Macon" money for traveling expenses. By the second week of December the physician advised that they should set out for Virginia. They had come by easy stages "across the country," Apphia said, part of the way by public conveyance. The carryall that brought them to our gate was hired in Lynchburg from the free negro who drove it, and was the best their failing funds could procure.

"She jes' didn't *dar*' to go to Hunter's Res'!" said Apphia to me, the afternoon of the day on which Harry died. "She was fa'r afeerd o' her father and Mars' Sidney."

She and I were in Mammy's house, and nobody else was near. The big back-log of the fire was a mass of scarlet charcoal, and night was settling down apace at the other side of the room. In her sincere distress the maid was frank in her confidences, and her knowledge of how well I had loved her whom we both mourned opened her heart fully to my appeals and inquiries.

"She was sure *we* would not turn her away," I swallowed my sobs to say.

"That's what she said many a time, honey! 'Mr. Archie Read is the truest, best man the good Lord ever made,' says she. 'He promis' me once that he'd never cast me off, no matter what I do. He's like his Mars-ter in that. When my father an' my mother'd forsake me, he'd take me up. An' I don't think Aunt Betsey'd 'fuse to take me in an' let me set at the secon' table anyhow,' says she, sort o' laughin' to herself. Once she call' to me in the middle of the night when we was a-stoppin' at a mizzable pore-white-folksey tavern, an' ef I was a-dying' this minnit I'd declar' to goodness the bed the pore lady was a-layin' on was stuffed with corn-husks. 'Apphia,' says she, 'I should like to get thar' in time to die in Maria's bed. I never slep' so sweet in anybody else's bed as I used to in Maria's,' says she, 'nor had sech lovely dreams on any other pillar as on hern. I think that was 'cause she is so heavenly pure herself. The angels has 'special charge over Maria Read. I'd like to die under the shelter o' their wings.'

"Another time she tole me she done pick' out the

tex' o' her funeral sermon, an' I mus' be sure not to forgit it. It was, 'Reproach hath broken my heart,' 'Twas true as Gospel too—them words! He made he'd knock me down one day when I said to him when she war'n't in the room that my young mistis war'n't use' to sech rough talk as he giv' her all the time. An' when he stomped his foot an' grit his teeth at me for speakin' so plain, I riz right up an' sot my arms in timber" (akimbo), "an' dar'd him to tech me.

"This yer 's a free state!' says I. 'Ef you lay the weight o' yer p'isonous han' on me, I'll put the law on you! I ain't your wife, nor your dog, nor your nigger!' says I. 'I been live' all my life with quality gentlemen an' ladies whar knowed how to treat respectable servants!' says I.

"Ah! he was the bigges' vilyan the Lord ever 'lowed to cuss His footstool!"

"How does Mr. Bradley look?" I asked.

"Han'somer 'n ever, an' peart as could be. He was a puffic' angel o' ministerin' mercy to my pore young lady. I been hear' her prayin' for him o' nights when she couldn't res' an' thought I was fas' asleep, an' thankin' her Heavenly Father for sendin' him to her when she was ready to perish."

She took a handful of corn-cobs from a basket on the

hearth, threw them on the coals and pensively watched them blaze.

"I suttinly hope marster 'll pay him back all the money he done spen' for we all. But for him, my blessid young mistis would 'a' died in that despiseable furren country. How her eyes 'd shine up the minnit she heerd him a-comin' up the sta'r-steps! They had talks together by the hour 'bout home-folks an' ole times."

"Had he—had you heard of Miss Diana's death before you got here?"

"Not a word, honey-chile! I'm fa'r thankful Miss Harry went to Heaven 'thout knowin' that her sister had flewed that 'ar' way before her. 'T mus' 'a' been a sweet surprise to them meetin' thar, an' 'long with their mother, too! An' didn't you notice, Miss Judith, how arter her father had come, and she 'd once put her arms 'round his neck an' arsked him to forgive her, an' he 'd kissed an' blessed her, that arter that never a blemish rolled over her weary soul, but she jes' gave her life out easy, like a baby that didn't know 'nough to be afeerd?"

"No, sugar-pie! we hadn't never heerd nothin' 'bout Miss Diana's dying nor Miss Virginny Dabney's marryin' Mars' Archie. Weddin's come 'bout stranger 'n fun'rals, 'pears like to me sometimes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MACAULAY AND CARLYLE AS CRITICS.

THE names of Macaulay and Carlyle stand fitly together as literary critics because they wrote at about the same time, and because of the marked influence of their work in this way. With both review-writing belonged only to the earlier part of their literary careers, and both considered it as quite subordinate to their later historical labors, yet after the lapse of fifty years, each is now remembered rather as essayist than as historian, and much of the best work of each is to be found in the articles collected from the *Edinburg, Fraser and Westminster*. These fifty years have given us a proper perspective, and it is now not too soon to examine into the nature of the marked superiority of their work over any of their predecessors, and of its effect upon all later review-writing.

Of Macaulay it is not too much to say that we may date from him the birth of style as a literary art—the beginning of our present conception of literature which counts power of expression as only second to power of thought. "The more I think of it the less I can conceive where you picked up that style," Jeffrey wrote, in accepting Macaulay's first manuscript. Happily, we are not left in Jeffrey's ignorance as to its source. We know that, like all other admirable things, it was as far as possible from having been "picked up." It is true, that if ever man was gifted by nature for the literary calling, that man was Macaulay; but whoever reads his "Life and Letters" will read the story of an unwearied zeal in acquiring knowledge, an unflinching diligence in collecting materials, and a patient and laborious care in their arrangement, almost unexampled. Although he looked upon periodical literature as destined to live only a month or two, and was far from expecting any reputation as a classic from his *Review* articles, he gave

them the same careful attention that he bestowed upon what he considered his weightier historical labors. Nothing was allowed to pass out of his hands until it was as perfect as he could make it. His article on "Chatham"—and this was no exception to the rule—was six months in hand, and rewritten for the third time before he was content to give it to the printer. He made his first draft with lines very far apart, writing and revising between them until a page of his manuscript, from which he made a fair copy for the press, is said often to have had no blank space so large as a pin's head. No wonder that even the keen eyes of a modern critic have been "unable to find a single loose or slipshod sentence in all his writings."

"What trouble these few pages will have cost me!" he wrote in his journal. "The great object is that, after all this trouble, they may read as if they had been spoken off, and may seem to flow as easily as table-talk." Certainly this object was realized; and were we to take this as the only or the highest achievement of literature, Macaulay's name must stand chief among all English essayists. But, fascinating as we find both the man and his work; great as we see his influence to have been upon English style, we cannot fail also to see that upon English thought his influence was very slight indeed. From this point of view his place in the history of criticism is as far below his contemporary, Carlyle, as Macaulay's own place is higher than that of his slashing and truculent predecessors.

The world was quick to applaud Macaulay. "The *Review* sells or does not sell, according as there are or are not articles by Macaulay," wrote the booksellers; and there was never any abatement of the quarterly eagerness of the public demand for his work. Not so with

Carlyle. If one were disposed to moralize upon the uncertainties and inequalities of literary awards, there could be no more instructive occasion than a comparison of the popular estimate of the two men at this period.

During the years when Macaulay's spell was upon every one, when he was the favorite of the readers of English throughout the world, the idol of London society, his voice the one most eagerly awaited, whether at the dinners at Holland House, at the club or in the House of Commons, and his pen in such demand that he was paid three and sometimes four times as much as less popular contributors; while the publisher of a rival magazine declared that it would be worth the copyright of "Childe Harold" could Macaulay be persuaded to transfer his allegiance from the *Edinburg* to the *Quarterly Review*—during precisely these years Carlyle was struggling in poverty, obscurity and loneliness upon a Dumfriesshire moor, elaborating his criticisms of English and foreign authors—masterpieces of searching penetration and keen delineation—only to have them rejected or coldly accepted by the discerning editors to whom, one after another, they were offered. It is true that Carlyle lived to win name and fame and gold scarcely second to Macaulay, but that was years after, through the publication of his books. With that later time we have here nothing to do. A few only, but a few that were very fit—Goethe in Germany, Emerson in America, John Stuart Mill and *Carlyle's wife* in England—had indeed recognized that it was *genius* that produced the "Burns," the "Characteristics" and that wonderful series upon German writers which, more than anything else in the language, has made German literature known in England. But the great mass of readers looked upon them with suspicion more or less pronounced. Poor Jeffrey had a sad time of it. Carlyle's work was too valuable to be spared altogether, yet too much out of the beaten track to be popular. Moreover, Jeffrey was sincerely anxious to aid Carlyle, and so he treated him to a great deal of good advice at one time and another. He begged him to "throw away his affectations, and be contented to write like his famous countrymen of all ages." He predicted that England never would admire or indeed endure his German divinities, and that Carlyle's delusive hope of this was what made his writings "intolerable to many and ridiculous to not a few."

"I fear Carlyle will not do," he felt obliged to warn his successor, Napier; "that is, if you do not take the liberties and pains with him that I did, by striking out and writing in occasionally." Certainly Jeffrey had nothing to reproach himself with on this score, for when Carlyle had sent his well-nigh perfect article on Burns, Jeffrey, while admitting its "beauty and felicity of diction," had thought it should be cut down at least one-half, and undertook to do it himself. The proof-sheets being sent to Carlyle, he declared that the article should go in entire or not at all, and Jeffrey was forced to yield to this unmanageable contributor who would not consent to be saved from himself.

What were the causes that delayed the popular appreciation of these earlier, and as we venture to think better writings of Carlyle? Undoubtedly, first and chief was the great general fact upon which his biographer frequently insists, that "genius must always create the taste that can appreciate it." And in Carlyle's case the taste would need to be of slow growth, because his genius manifested itself in such unheard-of and sometimes repulsive forms. Although his style had not then developed into the later spasmodic exaggerated, excessively-capitalized product known as *Car-*

lylese, there were many to whom his rugged, figurative, intense, sometimes fierce diction was a stumbling-block and an offense. In such "smiting words" as these did he arraign the men and things about him:

"What is all this that we hear for the last generation or two about the Improvement of the Age, the Spirit of the Age, Destruction of Prejudice, Progress of the Species, and the March of Intellect, but an unhealthy state of self-sentence, self-survey; the precursor and prognostic of still worse health? . . . The gods of this lower world sit aloft on glittering thrones, less happy than Epicurus' gods, but as indolent, as impotent, while the boundless living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger welters terrific in its dark fury under their feet. How much among us might be likened to a whitened sepulchre—outwardly all Pomp and Strength, but inwardly full of horror and despair and dead men's bones! . . . Sad to look upon in the highest stage of civilization, nine-tenths of mankind must struggle in the lowest battle of savage or even animal man, the battle against Famine. Countries are rich, prosperous in all manner of increase beyond example; but the Men of those countries are poor, needier than ever of all sustenance, outward and inward, of Belief, of Knowledge, of Money, of Food." (*Essays*, p. 300).

Still another cause of prejudice lay in a wide-spread distrust of his religious views. He repudiated supernatural revelation, at a time when supernatural revelation was synonymous with religion. He repudiated it because it was by no means possible that a mind, constituted and trained like his, should accept what was contrary to knowledge and reason, simply because it was sanctioned by authority. He believed that orderly development and natural growth were to be traced in religions, as in all other history. Biblical criticism has now familiarized this thought to the modern reader, but Biblical criticism was then almost in its infancy. The views then counted so peculiar and dangerous have now become commonplace. So much of the old tradition still remains, however, that it occasionally reappears and no doubt misleads a few, as when a recent critic (J. Colter Morison in *Macmillan's Magazine*), declares that "as regards religious belief in the ordinary sense he, (Carlyle), was a complete agnostic." It is difficult to see how any one who has read Carlyle's "Spiritual Optics" in the opening chapter of the second volume of Froude's biography, or that fine passage at the close of "Characteristics," beginning "The eternal fact begins again to be recognized that there is a Godlike in human affairs; that God not only made us and beholds us, but is in us and around us;" and ending, "Do we not already know that the name of the Infinite is Good, is God?" can call Carlyle an agnostic.

These were some of the reasons for the world's tardy recognition of Carlyle. When people came to understand him better, they saw that here was a man of powers as transcendent as they were unique. We are almost ready to forgive the hard fates that for a time compelled these powers to be used in what he was pleased to call "the despicable craft of reviewing," because thus we have seen to what heights reviewing may rise. He had a wonderful imagination, and bringing this to bear upon the interpretation of works written in distant lands or times, he sees, and makes us see, all the complex conditions which went to make the writings, or the men what they were. With an art akin to that of the really great story-teller, he makes us feel that we ourselves are, for the time being, a part of the scene he describes. Carlyle is never a "cold" critic (it is only the little critic who is cold), nor does he ever suffer us to remain so.

Amid all that has been accorded or denied to Carlyle it seems strange that so little has been said of his tenderness. Enough, though not more than the truth, has been said of his bitterness and hardness; but this is when he deals with affectation, hypocrisy, sycophancy, cowardice, falsehood or baseness in any form. Then, indeed, you hear only the "trip-hammer," but also, and particularly in his critical essays, there are many pages through which sound only the sweet strains of the Æolian attachment; as when, at the close of his long essay on the ill-starred Burns, he finds nothing harsher in his heart than this: "Granted that the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blameworthy; for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know *how* blame-

worthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the Globe or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."

Carlyle's work in literary criticism extended over but a comparatively short period of his long and laborious life; yet no man's influence has been greater or is likely to be more lasting on this branch of letters. His conclusions, indeed, are not to be received unquestioningly—we must beware of his bias; but he gave a new tone to criticism, and he elevated the standards immeasurably. The words which have been used with reference to the whole of his work are true also of this branch of it: "Thoroughly to understand Carlyle, and not to be mastered by him, were itself a liberal education."

ANNA B. McMahan.

AN IDEAL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

AGE comes to some people only like the wider opening of the rose, the gentle drooping of the creamy outer petal; and one must needs think of this in looking at Mrs. Fernalde. "I have had my threescore and ten," she used to say. "I have had all that nature has to give, and now I am living on grace." It was a sunny spirit that informed her, a lightness that never let the substance of a tear penetrate beneath the surface that could endure nothing but happiness. Her unflinching good nature was like a fairy wand that smoothed every trouble out of her way and out of the way of every one about her. If her hair was white, no great sorrow had made it so; and its contrast with the soft brilliancy of a black eye and the velvet flush of a cheek unwritten by many lines, made her perhaps as lovely as one standing in all the full radiance of youth. As for Mr. Fernalde—tall, dark, spare—he was by no means unattractive, and his courtly manners had a unique elegance. He loved his ease; and annoyances, when they chanced to break through the magic circle his wife drew about him, vexed him, as they usually do a nervous person. For the rest, he was one of those men who, having led a singularly fortunate life, maintain to themselves a fancy that they have just missed the last stroke to make the crystal complete, who have a vanishing ideal always just beyond sight and reach.

The Fernaldes were neighbors of ours. Wealth required no exertion of them, and advancing age secluded them in some measure from general society; their home was always cheerful; they were always in it; and if there had been no such person as crabbed old Mrs. Talliafero, who had spent the last six months with them, it would have been hard to see how heaven itself could be much improvement on it. However, she was going at once, and then where would be the crumple in the rose-leaf?

They loved young people. "The new generation lends us a part of its freshness," they used to say. They always welcomed any of us, and indeed made me so particularly conscious of their flattering favor that I spent a good portion of my time with them, threaded the sweet little lady's needles, read and wrote more or less for Mr. Fernalde, and was gradually taken into

their confidence in a way I did not desire, since I am about to violate it.

"Could I imagine a happier old age than this, my child, with my wife, my health, my flowers, our birds and pets and friends?" he said once, repeating my question. "Why, yes, my dear, it was much happier before my wife brought Mrs. Talliafero to stay with us. Some old schoolmate or girl friend of hers, I don't quite know whom, for the fact is she nettled me so the first day she came that I wouldn't ask Rosalie a word about her, for fear I should show my displeasure at her having brought her home when she turned up. It is astonishing how an invisibly small thorn will destroy your equanimity. And then this woman has a quality that would turn honey into vinegar, I do believe. She has changed our quiet, peaceful, sunshiny life, that seemed like one long day in June, into a sharp, raw day in November. There is something very rasping about her. I don't see what my wife invited her to spend such a season with us for. I wonder if she thought that at the end of the time I should press for a continuance? My dear, I have counted the days—it sounds sadly against all hospitable rites—I have counted the days till I should see her consult a railway time-table, as she did yesterday, about going home to-day. I believe she is not in affluent circumstances now. I would be glad to meet the expense of boarding her at Buckingham Palace if that would keep her away! I am speaking strongly. Yes, Rosalie," looking at his laughing wife, "I know you say too strongly. But it is argument, assertion, contradiction, differing, bickering, finding fault with the servants who have suited us half a lifetime, questioning the expenditure, disordering the arrangements from one day to the next. Think of it, when she comes into my study and declares that my wife has the patience of the play to endure such a den of disorder in her house. She wonders that I do not wear a scratch. She warns me of indigestions, she threatens me with nightmares, she reminds me of my age, she interferes with my pipe! And then she wants so much fresh air! Thank heaven! her time is up to-day, and my wife will not invite another guest for a half year without giving me time to arrange a residence

elsewhere! And such a voice, too! When one hears it, one longs for the proper infirmities of age that dull the hearing—sharp as a file, piercing as a locust's whirr! What are you laughing at, Rosalie?"

"Ah, you are not quite just, my love," said the sweet little old lady. "Mrs. Talliaferro has a fine mind. She is really waking us up. She prevents our sinking down into a jelly-like existence, as so many of our age do. She keeps us bubbling."

"There, there, my dear! Don't say another word about your Mrs. Talliaferro! Go and spend a season with her at Saratoga, if you ever want to see her any more. I'll go to Richfield. Bubble! She'd make sulphuric acid bubble out of the sands of the desert! I've no doubt she worried Talliaferro, poor man, into the grave! But there, I've said too much," he added directly. "I beg your pardon, my sweet, if I hurt your feelings about an old friend, but really— Now, Rosalie, my love, if you don't care to go over these accounts, our young friend will." And then Mrs. Fernalde tripped off with as light a foot as a girl of seventeen, and I drew up the great folding-screen around our chairs, stirred the fire a little, and took pencil and paper to add up the figures Mr. Fernalde was to read out to me.

But Mr. Fernalde was in a brown study for a little, and I let him stay.

"It was strange you should have asked me that question, child," he said at length. "I used, at your time of life, to imagine a very different old age from this, if I may so call that imagination, for, in fact, old age never entered into my calculations. I imagined nothing about the passage of time, only of the continuance of a condition. And that condition was the perpetual paradise of Alicia's smiles."

"Rosalie, you mean," said I.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fernalde shortly. "I mean Alicia."

"Alicia?"

"Alicia, who, when I was twenty, was the light of my eyes and the loadstar of my life."

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Of course you don't, of course you don't. I've half the mind to tell you, though. It's a long time ago—a long time—and no harm done. One is perhaps a fool at seventy," said Mr. Fernalde presently again. "I'm not quite eighty. One is certainly a fool at twenty. I was, at any rate; but I didn't know it, and I walked in a fool's paradise. And to be a fool and not know it! Is there, on the whole, any farther paradise? Pretty, pretty as a peach!" he began again, after another pause. "Ah! that sounds to us now like profanity. That heavenly fair face! those eyes like the stars in a blue midnight! that smile of exquisite innocence and purity! I used to tremble before her sometimes as before some young saint stepped from a shrine—one that I dared to desecrate by loving. Ah, how I loved her! The sight of certain flowers brings her back to me now! When the apples are in blossom, that pink and white snow, that ineffable delicacy of perfume, calls her before me like a revelation! There are times when this eternal smoothness of things in my life palls on me—times when I cannot bear the sound of evening bells coming across the water. It so renews for me that evening—that evening when I lost her—when I lost her if I found Rosalie!"

"You lost her, then?" I said, to break the silence that followed.

"I will tell you. The two were inseparable. If I walked or rode or sailed with one, the other was not far

away. Rosalie was a little gay, tormenting sprite; Alicia a pensive saint. It was Alicia's home; her father was a man of wealth, and Rosalie was visiting her. Rosalie had no home, no fortune; she had just finished school and was to be a governess, dreading it as a butterfly might dread being broken to harness, dreading it all the more for this glimpse of luxurious life in her friend's home since school. I myself had a fortune in my own right, and had been guilty of the follies of most of the *jeunesse dorée* of that period, which, if comparatively innocent, were troublesome enough to the authorities of my college to need discipline, and I was passing a year of most unhappy rustication in the place adjoining Alicia's home. Never shall I forget the first moment in which I saw Alicia running down one of the orchard aisles with her white garments fluttering about her, and her fair head bent over the branch of apple-blossoms in her hand. If lightning had fallen, the revolution that seized me could not have come more quickly. I seemed to be changed in a twinkling, to have been borne into another planet. I felt as if sunshine had pierced and penetrated once impenetrable gloom. When I fell asleep in the grass of that orchard, and woke with that heavenly creature bending over me, I rose only to walk on air. The little brown face of Rosalie, with its carnations, with the glint and glance of its great brown eyes, with its flood of brown curls that had a touch of gold on them, with the glittering teeth of its beautiful laugh, was just over her shoulder, but I merely know I saw it by remembering it afterward. She was only a shadow to me in those days; and as for me, I was only Alicia's shadow myself. She lived and moved in some exalted atmosphere, to my perception. She does now. Her father wore the front of Jove; I could not say that he did not carry the thunders. I felt myself a mote in the broad beam of their sunshine, as though I were something hardly visible in their large range of vision, as if it required an effort to make myself perceived by them. I hesitated to make the effort—I worshipped from afar. When she spoke to me my heart beat so I had hardly voice to answer; when she touched my hand it thrilled me through and through. And I asked no more. I thought of no more for awhile than just to continue so forever; to see her from my window walking under the long aisles of the low-branched orchard, like some mediæval picture; to walk beside her sometimes; now and then to venture reading from the same page with her; now and then to be her partner in the dance. That Rosalie should be about with me, riding here, strolling there, walking to church, reading with the old pastor, in whose charge there was a fiction that I was, and so, in a way, studying with me—that was all a matter of commonplace; she was sweet, she was fresh, she was charming. But what was all that when an angel was in the room?

"One night I was on the gallery just outside their drawing-room, looking in at the long window, and Alicia was singing. Ah, how delicious was that voice! The cherubim and seraphim who continually do sing, if I ever hear them, will not sing so sweetly. I wonder to whom that voice is singing now! Beside her, that night, was this scamp who had come to the place more than once, a proud, commanding fellow in his undress uniform, a man whom her father plainly intended she should marry. I can see the scene now—the rich and dimly-lighted room full of purple shadows, the air laden with the scent of flowers; Alicia in her white drapery, more mystical, more beautiful, more holy, as she sang, than if revealed in the glow of her beauty; outside the violet depths of the sky, and the moon just falling, like

some great golden flower, low in the west; and as Alicia's voice became silent, a choir of bell-tones coming far and fine and free across the water, like echoes of her song in heaven. My heart swelled with a fullness of rapture; life seemed too rich, too sweet, too sacred; and then I saw that man stoop and kiss her brow. The action turned me to stone for a moment, till he came sauntering to the window, and I knew no more what I was doing than that bronze Perseus in the corner would if he moved. I lifted the hand that had seemed stone, and as he passed me I struck him on the mouth, the mouth that had done the profanation."

And Mr. Fernalde was quiet a little while.

"And that was the end of all things," he resumed. "The fellow laughed at me for a mad boy. Her father launched one of the thunderbolts, and forbade me the house. What a stricken day and night of wretchedness! what a week of hopelessness, of annihilation! But perhaps Alicia felt otherwise. Why should I not discover? Why should I suppose she had any other sympathy with that creature than the sympathy of the star and the worm? And if my glad peradventure were true, why then we could fly from these places that should know us no more; the world was before us, heaven's gates were open to us. And I wrote, my hand trembling at its sacrilegious daring, just a dozen lines, without address, without signature. She would know what it meant. And I sent it by the parson's boy. And I waited for her, lying on the grass beneath the orchard trees, in the deep gloom just gilded by the influence of the unseen moon. There came the rustling of garments, the tripping of a foot; my heart beat, my eyes grew dim. Was it she coming up behind me, as I lay lifted on my elbow, kneeling and putting her arms about me, raining swift kisses on my face?—wild, sweet kisses in that shadow; wild, passionate whispers in that silence! And then a great pang smote me, and I rose and went out with her into the less dim darkness—and it was Rosalie."

"She never knew," said Mr. Fernalde, "she does not know to-day that I died that night. I can't say how I lived through those moments even. They were but moments she had stolen away. She had to return at once. We parted at the foot of the mock-orange walk, and I went to my bed and lay there in a trance of despair. Perhaps sunlight brought some relief. The parson told at the breakfast-table the news that Alicia was betrothed to the army officer I had seen over the hedge. I wrote a word, saying I was called away, and I was gone a week or more. But in that blank I must have something to love me—to have an interest in. Better Rosalie than the absolute negation of those days. She thought nothing of my absence after my return. She was as full of romance as a flower of nectar. And, to sum it up, if she was not the rose, she had lived with the rose. One day we married, and here we are. A long life, a happy life, and I have never regretted the day in it that I made her my wife. After all, one cannot marry among the angels—clay must mate with clay. What do you say? Not love her, my child?

You never were more mistaken. I love her tenderly, absorbingly. She is a perfect woman—she has been a perfect wife. She has made me calmly and completely happy. If once in a while the old hope, the old dream of a passion arises and sweeps before me in its bloom and light, it is because it means youth to me—that youth which we do not know till we are old—is itself the ideal that it holds up for worship. Yet perfect as my wife is, fifty years of this smooth life with her wear something of the commonplace, and if across their dead level of same content sometimes gleams the shining of Alicia's face, it is not in any disloyalty to her. I often wonder what became of the lovely creature. Once I could not have spoken of her. At seldom times, when I sit alone by the fire, she comes and sits beside me, and gleams of light and shadow make a face with her sweetness, her beauty, her pensive and ethereal grace. Dear girl! I suppose she sleeps in her grave by this, but she is a shaft of the light of heaven in my memory!"

And Mr. Fernalde rose, walking to the window, just as the screen began to tremble, and a smothered cough, and then an undisguised one, betrayed to me, if not to him, that Mrs. Fernalde had heard the chief part of the monologue.

"And I had heard it in fragments and sections more than once before," she afterward told me, with her pleasant smile. "I know it means nothing—that he is just as wholly mine as I am his—that our love is the imperishable sort—that we are welded into one by fifty years together. And perhaps it was ignoble of me to break the pretty bubble, to take away his little ideal, with which he has found comfort whenever I would have my own way too much. Yet I thought it was about time."

But she said nothing of this at all as she came bustling round the corner of the screen that morning.

"There is such a gale blowing outside," she said, "that the dust really rises in the house fit to choke one."

"You haven't caught cold, Rosalie?" said her husband, turning in concern.

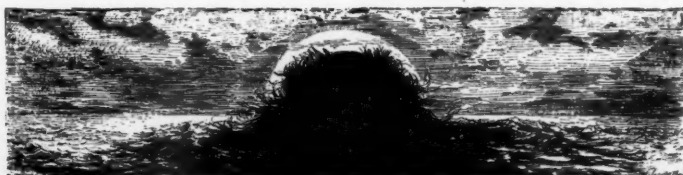
"Not the least, but I shall if the hall-door is open another moment. There she comes now. Make haste, and bid Alicia good-bye, my love. She is just going."

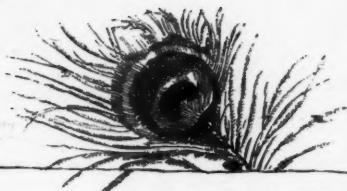
"Who?" he cried, suddenly opening his eyes like lamps in their deep settings.

"Alicia—Mrs. Talliafero—dear. She married again, you know. Oh, it has been a fine jest," she cried with her low laugh, "to think that you should not have recognized Alicia in all these weeks and months!"

Mr. Fernalde was silent for a few moments, looking at the sweet little lady before him, with her color like the half-tarnished rose, with the soft brilliancy of her placid smile. Then he crossed over the hearth before me, and he took her hands and bent down and kissed her mouth.

"My Rosalie," said he, "will you not make my adieux to Mrs. Talliafero yourself? Tell her—tell her I have gone to the funeral of an old friend!"





A DEAD FLIRTATION.

SPECTRE of a dead flirtation dogging me this autumn day—
What will lay thee—what oblation of my song content thee, say?

Spectre, wreathed with phantom roses—last year's roses dead and dry—
How thy ghostly hand discloses many written scrolls, whereby

Love's great pulse was set to throbbing, and his heart to beating fast—
Oh the laughter, oh the sobbing, and the kisses at the last!

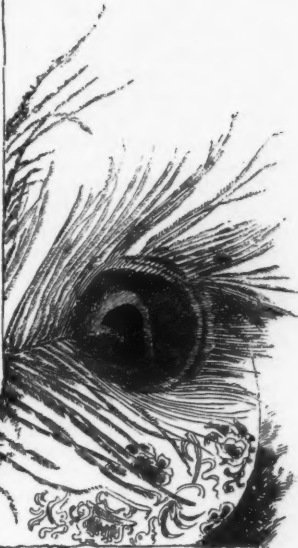
Oh the walks in secret places, and the meetings at the Zoo—
Oh the stolen, sweet embraces, ever subtle, ever new!

All was wrong, but all was pleasant, till your father found the track—
Then each letter and each present, how they all came tumbling back!

And I loved you—yes, I loved you—rather more than you loved me,
Yet, that pain of parting moved you, it was very clear to see.

I was moved, too—sorry, rather—still I duly dined that night—
How I tried to hate your father; yet I always found him right.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

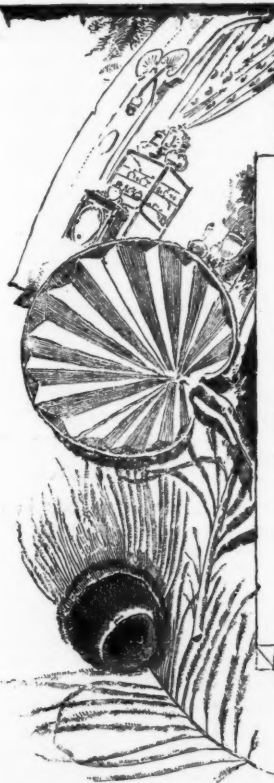


MASKS.

I KNOW a marble mask. Grotesque and rudely carven, there it lieth,
With pointed nose forever skyward tilted,
As if, in thought, a ribald song it lilted,
Though from the mocking lips no sound there flieth.
I say, "Oh, grinning mask, why smilest thou when all the world is sighing?
Why laughest thou though all the world be crying?"
"My master made me," seems to say my mask,
"And bade me laugh. Ha! ha! it is my task:
What know I of the world and all its crying?"

I know another mask. Of fairest flesh the sun e'er saw 'tis fashioned,
With smile as cold as ice, as soft as snow;
And never is that cheek with love aglow,
Nor ever are those eyes with grief impassioned.
I say, "Ah! sweet my mask! wilt that calm cheek e'er glow at my endeavor?
Wilt those calm eyes for me wear pity ever?"
Slow turns itself away my lovely mask,
And says, "I understand not what you ask;
What have I learned of love or pity ever?"

ANNETTE W. HOLT.



BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD IV—CHAPTER V.

"This wrong world."

It is evening. Professor Forth's chilliness has for once vanquished his parsimony; and in the grate of his attic room, a small, carefully-nursed, never-poked fire burns sparingly cheerful. But he cowers over it, and stretches his hand to its frugal blaze alone. One would have thought that such a walk as that undertaken by Mrs. Forth would have been enough to satisfy the energies of any reasonable woman; and yet she is again out of doors. She is not walking, indeed; she is standing upon the rustic bridge that leads to wood and waterfall; standing there in the soft dusk—not alone!

They have passed the windows of the garishly-lit public drawing-room, where lamps and jets of gas are making a gaudy glare; a heterogeneous assemblage of people, forced into unnatural sociability, irksomely driving through an evening in common. Some are working; some are playing whist; some are yawning; one is feebly singing; and all are in the fullest blaze of the gas and the paraffin. How much better to be outside in the moist, sweet dark! His arms are about her, she no longer resisting; and her tired head is resting on his shoulder.

Henceforth she will always have that shoulder on which to lay down her head. What matter, wading through what waters she has reached its refuge? A throb of mad, reckless joy thrills through all her uneasy body. Since she is to pay the price—and such a price!—let her at least have some joy to show for it! Oh, if it were but all right!—all on the straight!—what could heaven do better than this? Ay! but the might of that "if!"

"And you *must* go?" she says sighingly; "you think it is quite unavoidable; you *must*?"

"I must!" he answers, in a tone as grudging as hers; "there is no help for it; there are"—hesitating—"there are arrangements to be made—that I must make personally—that could not be done by writing; and I must also go to Milnthorpe, to see about my work."

She has raised her head.

"It—this—will not make any difference to your work?" she asks rapidly, and in a tone of acute alarm; "it—it will not injure your prospects?"

"Of course not! of course not!" he answers, in a tone of feverish reassurance; "why should it? what connection is there between a man's private life and his business relations? What concern is it of theirs whether or not—I—I—"

"You run away with your neighbor's wife," she says, in a low, hard voice, finishing his sentence; "why do you not speak out? if a thing is not too bad to do, it is not too bad to say!"

But through the dark he divines the agony of the blush that accompanies her words; and again that sword-like pain, which had marred the first moments of his triumphant bliss, once more traverses his heart. There is not a breath of air. What has become of yesterday's hustling north wind? By the starlight they can dimly see that the clouds no longer fold the mountain heads. They have dropped to their waists, and airily girdle them.

She is resting her feverish hands on the wooden railing, wet with the recent showers, and looking down on the half-seen shining rocks, and the water flashing white in the semi-darkness. How pleasant is its continuous rush and low roar! and yet there is something oppressive in it; something that makes one out of breath!

"You will not be long away?" she says, with a passionate wistfulness; "you will not leave me long alone? you will come back as soon as you can?"

"Need you tell me that?"

There is almost derision in his tone. He has drawn her back to her former resting-place, and is most soothingly and half timidly caressing her hair. Not yet can he realize that it is the glorious proud head which has always seemed farther above him than the stars, that is lying in prone abandonment on his shoulder.

"You will not despise me more than you can help?" she whispers, with a sob; dark as it is, hiding her face on his breast. "Of course you *must* despise me; but you will try and hide it as well as you can, will you not?"

Are his wits wandering? Can this be his divine and lofty lady, preferring this miserable prayer? Can this be he, blasphemously listening to it?

"How *am* I to get through these days?" she moans, clinging to him; "oh, come quickly back! come quick! quick! How *am* I to look him in the face without telling him what I am planning against him? If he says one kind word to me, it will be the death of me! Happily for me, he never does!"

For all answer, he only strains her more desperately to his heart. What words can he find with which to console her? Surely that silent embrace, strongly enveloping her with its love and its pity, is best.

"I shall be always fancying that you are growing tired of me," she says, still whispering, and her speech broken by dry sobs; "promise not to grow tired of me! promise! Remember that I shall have nothing—*nothing* but you in the whole wide world; and that when you are gone from me, *everything* will be gone! But what is the use of making you promise?" with a despairing change of key; "how can you help it? If you grow tired of me, you will grow tired, and there will be an end of it!"

She has pulled herself out of his arms, and now stands apart from him, as if in prophetic renunciation. He puts up his hand to his head as if his brain were turning.

"When you say such things," he cries incoherently, "you make me feel as if my senses were gone! I grow tired of you! *I! I!* Oh, my love, my lady, my queen!" falling down at her feet, and kissing the hem of her gown, as if no humility of posture could adequately express the abasement of his soul before her; "if you knew how I am eating my heart out with the thought that *you* may grow tired of *me*! that you may find out I am not worthy of the sacrifice you are making for me!—that *I*, only *I*!—oh, my poor love! my poor love!—may not be enough for you!"

He stops, choked, pressing his head against her trembling knees; and his scalding tears filter through her

gown. The intensity of his emotion calms her a little. At all events, he is not tired of her yet! She stoops, and lays her hand almost protectingly upon his head.

"Yes!" she says; "you will be enough!" But in the dusk her face looks livid, and she ends her sentence with a sob.

The next morning he goes—goes, leaving her to live through as best she may the days that must intervene before his return. How—by what process as yet unconjectured by her—is she to live through them? They will pass, of course. No day has yet dawned upon sad humanity that did not pass; even Damien's death-day passed. But how? The weather, at all events, will not come to her help. It has changed from capricious showers back to such headstrong, hopeless rain as accompanied their drive from Lowood. There will be no seeking escape in mountain walks; no tiring down thought by tired muscles.

"How am I to live through them?" she says, as she stands alone, at the window of her husband's room, staring vacantly through the smeared pane, which baffles sight, and waiting for him to be ready to begin work.

He has entered the room without her perceiving it. Has she spoken her last words aloud? She hardly knows.

"What are you looking at?" he asks.

She gives a great start.

"I—I—am looking at the rain!"

"I hope that you will content yourself with looking at it," retorts he dryly. "I must exact a promise from you that you will not, by exposing yourself to it, incur the danger of that relapse with which you were obviously threatened yesterday."

"I promise," she answers docilely.

Since she is going to be guilty of this one enormous treason against him, she may at least pay him the mint, and anise, and cummin of any tiny obedience that comes in her way.

"But I shall have no temptation," she adds feverishly.

"I want to work to-day: I am up to a great deal of work. You need not be afraid of overworking me to-day!"

(It is an uncalled-for caution! He has never been at all afraid of overworking her.) And yet, indeed, it is from him, and not from her, that the first suggestion of an interval from labor comes. The afternoon is four hours old, and the faint smell of the brandy-and-water that temperately irrigated the Professor's luncheon is beginning to die out of the close room, when:

"Your writing has become unsteady," he says, looking critically over her shoulder; "I presume that your hand is growing tired. Perhaps we had better desist until to-morrow."

"No! no!" she cries vehemently; "why should we? I am not at all tired! it was only carelessness. I will take more pains."

"You are unable any longer to concentrate your attention," he says, pursuing his examination; "you have omitted two most important words."

"Have I?" she answers remorsefully; "but indeed I am not tired! I had much rather go on; there—there is no time like the present!"

"To-morrow," he begins; but she interrupts him.

"To-morrow!" she repeats feverishly; "who knows what may happen to-morrow? We may both be dead to-morrow!"

The Professor dislikes the mention of death.

"Pshaw!" he says crossly; "what is the use of indulging in puerile suppositions?"

But she has her will. Until the hour of dinner she toils on. She has not, indeed, attained her end—that state of numb wooliness to which yesterday a less portion of labor had brought her. To-day overwork has had the contrary effect of sharpening to its highest capability every power of thought, memory and imagination.

She goes down to the *table d'hôte* alone. The Professor, laboring under some real or fancied accession to his ailments, has (having, however, previously taken care to notify in good time his intention) restricted himself to the delight of a basin of gruel over his own fire. Belinda is placed at dinner beside a couple who had been fellow-inmates with her at the Lowood Hotel, and who, like her, had come on hither. She had been on terms of friendly civility with them, and they now express pleasure at having again met her, and try to draw her into conversation. But she repulses all their efforts with a surly brevity. They shall not have to say afterwards that she let them talk to her.

And now the day—one day—is ended, and it is night. Oh, these nights! Dreadful are they—dream-haunted, nightmare-ridden! and yet neither dream or nightmare is comparable for horror to their waking moments. And through them all the waterfall pours, pours in its maddening monotony. Sometimes she feels as if she must tell some one; must rush out to some of the sleeping strangers and tell them! Perhaps it would not sound so bad if it were told! After all, such things happen every day. Her loss will be no loss to her husband; an economy rather!

She laughs bitterly. He will be glad to be rid of her. Has not everybody with whom she has lived hitherto been glad to be rid of her? Could her grandmother contain her joy at having shaken her off? Professor Forth, too, will be glad to be rid of her. By-and-by, he will be glad to be rid of her! Oh, the despair of that thought! She will see him growing tired of her. Loyal gentleman as he is, he will try his best to hide it; but he will not hide it from her! She will be jealous of the very air for touching his face; every day she will ask herself, "Is he quite the same? Is he quite as glad to see me as he used to be? Does he call me his darling quite as often as he did? She will see his love slowly sliding—sliding away from her. What will she have to bind him to her? Not honor, for she will have cast off honor; not real love, for real love goes only with respect, and she will have said good-by to respect; she will have shaken hands with shame. The cold sweat of agony stands on her brow. Whether or not there be a hell elsewhere, she has found hers here.

The last day has come: the last of the three—that are to intervene between his going and the morning when she is to meet him at Keswick railway station, bidding, for his sake, farewell to husband, friends, and good repute.

Two nights such as the one I have described; two days which, though inferior in agony, seem yet to have been crammed as full of mental suffering as they can hold, have brought her to the verge of a nervous fever. At the lightest noise it seems as if she must scream out loud. She is, as usual, at her toil in her husband's room. She has changed her position, so that she may not see him as she writes; so bitter is the remorse with which the sight of his withered face and shrunk figure fills her. Poor old man! What has he done to her, that she should deal him this murderous blow?—for a murderous blow it is to his honor, if not to his heart. By what right is she stabbing him in the dark? Because he is old, sickly and peevish? Was not he all

three—did not she know him to be all three—when she married him? How little he suspects her! Exacting and undemonstrative he may be, but how perfect is his confidence in her!

"You look feverish," he says.

There is, or she fancies it, a tone of kindness, almost compassion in his voice; and in a moment she has fallen on her knees. It is not too late, even yet! She will tell him all.

"What the deuce are you about?" cries he acrimoniously. It is very seldom that he employs even so small an oath as the one recorded; and his present indulgence in it is a measure of his irritation. "You have let fall a great blot of ink upon Gregory Nazianzen!"

For a moment she still kneels there, stunned; then slowly recovering her senses, and healed completely of her impulse towards confession:

"I beg your pardon," she says, stammering; "I—I had dropped something. I—I—was going to look for it!"

The hours pass by. They seem at once to crawl and to rush. With no one but her husband does Belinda exchange a word. She has sufficiently snubbed into silence, and rejected with eager rudeness, the efforts of the civil visitors; who, attracted by her beauty, and compassionating her apparent loneliness (the Professor has adhered to his *régime* of solitude and gruel), have tried to include her in their talk. She has harshly rebuffed a little child, who, encouraged by former notice, has run up to make friends with her. None of them shall be able to say afterwards that she forced her company upon them—that company which they will then look upon as pollution.

The dinner hour is near, and she is standing outside the hotel door, drawing long gasping breaths. Is it a little easier to live out of doors than in? It has been another wet day; the sun has been neither seen nor heard of; but now, so near the hour of his daily dying, he asserts himself. From beneath a lead-heavy pile of rain-clouds he is thrusting his head; but his radiance is tempered to a weird, moony splendor. About the hills' necks are thrown cobwebby kerchiefs of vapor; and to all these he lends a nameless pale opalescence. In the sky he builds up an aerial city, augustly fair as that one seen in trance at Patmos; and on the waters his sovran feet have trodden a straight path of quivering diamond. Across this royal path a little boat has the presumption to take its course; and at once is harmonized into a solemn unity with the transfigured water and the mountain pinnacles—pinnacles as of the great City of God.

Belinda looks at it all with a wild, dry eye, and a choked throat. Oh, beautiful, cruel, terrible world! Would it not be easier to endure if it were ugly and unsightly? if there were not this horrible contrast between its fair shows and its hideous realities? The sight is of such strange loveliness that at every window of the hotel heads are thrust out to admire it. A little group of people have followed Mrs. Forth's example, and issued out into the road. The lady with whom she had been on friendly terms at Lowood is standing near, and addresses her.

"Why will you never speak to us now?" she asks, in a wondering voice; "I am afraid," laughing a little, "that you must think that there is something wrong about us; that we have run away, perhaps, and are not married! Mamma met some people like that at Spa last year; it was so awkward, for she had made quite friends with them!"

She stops abruptly, for the woman she addresses has turned ghastly, unaccountably pale. The evening is one of extraordinary stillness. On the satiny water the heavens lie exactly copied, cloud for cloud, clear sky-field for clear sky-field! That strange pallid effulgence—lessened indeed, fainting away by slow degrees into obscurity—is yet still there; an effulgence not of the gold and carmines and purples that one usually associates with sunset; but of a paler, whiter, lunar quality.

Again those sobs rise in her throat. Oh, lovely, ironical world! when will you cease jeering us in our misery? And now it is night. She has gone to bid her husband good-night. Often, on previous occasions, she has omitted this ceremony as nugatory; but now a morbid impulse to be at all events lacking in no little dues of courtesy towards him, possesses her.

She finds him sitting stooped over his hearth, with his empty gruel-basin beside him, and his fleshless hands absorbing the last warmth of the expiring fire.

"I have come to say good-night."

"Have you? Good-night."

Now that the ceremony is concluded, it is clear that he expects her to retire; but still she lingers, and again that longing to fall on her knees and tell him all sweeps over her. Poor old man! How old and feeble and lonely he looks!

"You are not ill?" she says, unsteadily.

"According to you, I am never ill," replies he dryly.

"I enjoy the most robust health; if I were to tell you that I were ill, you would discredit the assertion!"

"Oh, but I should not," she cries remorsefully; "I quite believe that you often, often suffer. Is there—is there—nothing I can do for you?"

"You can shut the door," replies he, with a snarl; "a thing that, since the beginning of my acquaintance with you, I have never known you do! and since it is already past my usual hour for retiring to bed, I will ask you to shut it upon the outside!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Look up! There is a small bright cloud
Alone amid the skies;
So high, so pure, and so apart,
A woman's honor lies."

AND now the night has to be faced. With what dread has she watched the slow declension of the summer evening; but no dread comes up to the reality, to the miserable endless hours of hand-to-hand fighting with the terrible battalions of thought and remorses that come up, ever fresh and fresh, against her; that, while all around her are softly sleeping, take her by the throat in the blackness, and will not let her go. To no dream or nightmare, indeed, does she give the opportunity to torment her, for she makes no attempt to sleep. Fully dressed, widely, burningly awake, she sits all night writing, writing, writing endless letters of farewell to him who, parted from her only by a flimsy lath-and-plaster partition, lies tossing in the light and uneasy dozes of old age. How many does she write? They must be a score, at least; prayers for forgiveness, cries of remorse; and no sooner are they written than she tears them all. Prayers for forgiveness of a wrong that is unforgivable! Cries of remorse for a sin that her action shows she has not really repented of! Why insult him by such? The dawn has come by the time that she has at length written the three lines which, without reading over—if she read them over, she knows that she would tear them, too—she feverishly folds and places in an envelope. In them there is neither petition nor repentance.

"I am going to leave you for always. You cannot think that I have been a worse wife to you than I think myself."

BELINDA."

To have toiled all night for such an outcome! She walks to the window, feeling stiff and chilled. The morning is bringing all night's secrets to light. Again the wooded hill rises a hand-breadth off; the little patch of sky that it allows her to see is putting on day's blue livery.

Well, then, it has come! There is no going back now! no more shilly-shallying! There is nothing for it but to make the best of it! She has turned from the window, and accidentally faced herself in the glass. What a spectacle! What heavy lines under the eyes! What baked, white lips! But in her face, is there something else, too? something new and unqualifiable? Is it already beginning to assume that pitiful, brazen look that women such as she wear? Well, if it is, what wonder? If it is, there is no help for it!

The time is so short—so short now! Surely for that short time she can manage to keep thought at bay? She moves noiselessly about, busying herself with this and that. She takes off her wedding-ring, and making it and the few paltry trinkets that her husband has ever given her into a small packet, directs and places them beside the letter; then she tries to ruffle her bed and give it a lately occupied air; no easy task, for a bed that has not been slept in *will not* look like one that has. Then she undresses; and by-and-by, when her hot water is brought, makes her toilet afresh, having first placed letter and parcel in a conspicuous situation upon the chest of drawers which serves as dressing-table, and goes down stairs.

How near the time is now! She refers, for the hundredth time, to the paper of directions left with her by Rivers. At such an hour she is to set off. It is within five minutes of that hour. She has ordered over-night a carriage to convey her. It is true that an omnibus plies between hotel and station, but from its publicity she shrinks with unconquerable aversion. It will be full of people. They will be talking and laughing. They will talk to her; perhaps—quite as likely as not—they will ask her where she is going!

So she has ordered an open fly for herself. It shall be no expense to Professor Forth. She can easily return him by post the money for it. Yes; but *whose* money? A scorching blush burns cheek and brow, and she covers her miserable face with her hands.

It is three minutes past the appointed hour, and the carriage is not yet here. Perhaps there has been some mistake! Perhaps it was never ordered! But no sooner has this sickly hope—that is scarcely a hope either—flared up in her mind, than it is extinguished again. For an open fly comes rolling briskly up to the door. Perhaps it may not be hers. Other people order flies, too. Perhaps it may be for some one else. But this delusion also dies.

"The carriage is ready, ma'am," says a waiter approaching her.

"Are you sure that it is mine?" she asks huskily. "Are you sure that it is not meant for some one else—that there is no mistake?"

"No mistake at all, ma'am!"

There is nothing for it but to get in. As she takes her seat:

"Will you dine at the *table-d'hôte* to-day, ma'am?" asks the waiter innocently.

In an instant all the truant blood has poured back into her snow-white face. Does he suspect her? Has he asked her on purpose?

"No!" she answers almost inaudibly—"no, not to-day."

And now she is off! The die is cast! Nothing has happened to prevent her. To the last moment she has dimly believed that something would happen to prevent her. But, no! nothing has! No fire has fallen from heaven to consume her! No accident has occurred to hinder her! By what small accidents—happening at the last moment—have other people been saved! No accident comes to save *her*! Neither God nor man cares what becomes of *her*!

The morning is lovely, with morning's fresh look of newness, as if the ancient hills had but just been turned out of their Maker's workshop. Lapis-blue is the lake, as a summer lake should be; and with its little islands laughing in summer forest-green upon its radiant lap. Over one mountain shoulder, indeed, a few slight cloud-shadows, thrown light as gauzy scarfs, still lie. But on his brothers' granite knees there is strong, resolute sunshine, and in their ravines shadows cut hard and black.

Oh, cruel world! Again you are jeering her with your beauty! Her eyes roll wildly round, and thought after thought courses with mad rapidity through her head. Little irrelevant incidents out of far-away childhood, fragments of forgotten books, texts of Scripture. "I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my help!" That is what teases her most. And yet what applicability is there in it to her? Does any help come from the hills to her? Beneath the trees that lip the lake, and through whose leafage come ever glimpses of its dazzling gayety, the sweet road winds. Along it some of the inmates of the hotel are leisurely walking, and, as she passes, look up to nod and smile at her.

Would they nod and smile at her did they know whither and on what errand she is bent? What right has she to leave them under such a delusion? She must undeceive them. So distraught is her brain that she leans out of the carriage to accomplish this lunatic purpose, but they are already left behind. How fast the driver drives!

Why does he drive so fast? She calls out to him to go slower; and then, with a new and contradictory longing that it should be over, should be irrevocable, bids him drive faster again. And still, numberless as sand-grains, quicker than lightning, the thoughts rush through her head. It is a sentence out of "Sartor Resartus" now that is beating and hammering in her brain; a "Sartor Resartus" casually left behind by some stray guest at the hotel, and as casually opened by her yesterday. "Love not Pleasure; Love God: This is the Everlasting Yea!" Why should it buzz in *her* ears? What has it to say to *her*? How short the drive is! The roofs of Keswick are already in sight. That was a short drive, too—the drive to church on her marriage morning. With what dreadful vividness does it now return in each detail of its pinched and icy misery upon her memory; she sitting there in dead despairing obstinacy, and Sarah sobbing beside her, telling her that it was not too late! Sarah was right. It was not too late then. If Sarah were here now, would she still tell her that it is not too late? Oh, why is she not here then? At every step of the road her agony heightens, and a cold sweat stands on her forehead. It is not too late! *It is not too late!* This is written in letters of fire all over the mountains; all over the lapis lake and sapphire sky. *It is not too late!* How plainly she can read the words! They are taking the character of a command! *It is not too late!* Dare she disobey such a mandate?

"Stop!" she cries, standing up suddenly, like one possessed. But her emotion is so overpowering, and her throat so dry, that no sound issues from it. The horse still trots rapidly on. "Stop!" she repeats, but once again her disobedient organs play her false, and the horse trots on. "STOP!" she cries frantically, a third time; and now, at last, the coachman hears, and pulls up. "Go back!" she says hoarsely, and almost unintelligibly; "go back to the hotel!" then, becoming aware, though sight is dim and head giddy, of the unbounded astonishment depicted on his face—"I—I—have forgotten something!"

"We shall lose the train, ma'am," he answers, civilly demurring; "we have not too much time as it is."

"Go back!" she repeats, huskily; and then, indeed, wondering, he obeys.

She sinks back, and covers her face with her hands. What has she done? She forbids herself to ask or think. But has she done it in vain. If, during her absence, her letter has been discovered, she will have returned in vain. Even if it has not been already discovered, every minute that passes lessens its chance of escape. At this very moment it may be being found, and she will have turned back in vain.

"How slow you drive!" she cries harshly; "drive quicker! quicker!"

How could she ever have thought the distance short? It is immeasurably, unbelievably long! The hotel is in sight! A few people are standing about the door. Have they heard? Are they talking about it? The fly has stopped. Is she in time? It seems as if there were an ominous silence about the idlers hanging round. Have they heard? She dare not look the waiter, who comes to help her out, in the face. She staggers past him into the hall; then, by a tremendous effort, steadying herself, she rushes up stairs. Is she in time? Flight after flight she mounts, with that question surging in her ears. She has reached her room—has burst into it. Is she in time? One glance gives her the answer. Yes, she is! Undisturbed, exactly as she had left them upon the top of the chest of drawers, lie letter and packet. She is in time! Oh, the relief of that thought! And yet, so complicatedly contradictory are we, that, at the sight so madly desired, a distinct pang of disappointment crosses her heart. Had the letter been discovered, there would have been the one and only refuge left her, and no one

[THE END.]

could then have blamed her for availing herself of it. She starts, shuddering at herself. Is she already repenting of her repentance? What security has she that she may not again go back from it? Within her there is none; if there is a security for her, it must be one outside her. She has taken the letter into her hand, and stands for a few moments motionless; a desperate determination gaining strength in her heart, and painting itself on her haggard yet resolute face. Since the letter has not yet been delivered to him, she herself will deliver it. She will tell him under what circumstances it was written. *This* shall be her expiation.

Without giving herself time for hesitation, she moves quickly out of the room, and knocks at her husband's door. There is no answer, and she knocks again. Still no reply. Perhaps, though it is not likely, he may be out. So she enters. No, he is in his usual seat, by his improvised writing-table. He could not have heard. His attitude is not quite his usual one, for he is apparently unoccupied, leaning back in his chair, and with his head bent a little forward on his chest. He must be thinking, and will probably chide her for disturbing him. Well, it cannot be helped. Heaven knows he has cause enough to chide her!

"Can I speak to you?"

Her voice sounds strangely resonant in this silent room. There is no answer, nor does her husband show by any movement or slightest change of position that he is aware of her vicinity. It is very odd. She has spoken loudly and distinctly, and he is not deaf. He must be asleep; and yet, he is not apt to fall asleep in the morning! A chill terror is creeping over her, but she tries to shake it off. Her nerves are unstrung. Why should he not be asleep? How apt old people are to slide into a doze.

Conquering the nameless, senseless dread of approaching him that has come over her, she walks firmly up to him, and laying her hand on his arm, stoops and looks into his face. The next instant a sharp shriek rings through the hotel, and when frightened visitors and chambermaids, hurrying from all quarters, reach the room, they find Mrs. Forth lying stretched on the floor beside her husband, as inanimate as he—only that in time they bring her round again. As for him, he has forever vindicated his character from the imputation of being a *malade imaginaire*, and the Professorship of Etruscan in the University of Oxbridge is vacant!

WITH MINE.

THERE is a step keeps pace with mine
Wherever I may go,
Through devious straits where trouble waits,
Or be it swift or slow,
By rippling stream, through flowery mead,
Along the wave-washed sand,
On rocky ledge, by hawthorn hedge,
On ocean or on land.

I may not hear the rhythmic tread,
And yet 'tis joy to know
In every place a step keeps pace
With mine, where'er I go.

There is a heart that beats with mine
Somewhere, somewhere I know;
When light and gay its pulses play,
Or throb with weight of woe;

When hopes are crushed and joys are fled,
And I am left in tears,
And night and day along my way
No ray of light appears.
Its strength and comfort I have felt
When sore oppressed, and so
There is a heart of mine a part,
Somewhere, somewhere I know.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

"USE your own so as not to injure another's," is a maxim of our law. In another form, more used in common speech, it is, "One's rights end where another's begin." It is no less a rule of courtesy and social convenience than of positive law. The purpose of this paper is to call attention to one violation of this rule which causes much discomfort to many persons and has grown to be a great social evil.

Smoking tobacco may be a good thing or a bad thing for the smoker. We will not enter much into that question. What is insisted upon is that he has no right to annoy another with it. It may, for aught I know, add to his power of digestion, or he may think that it sweetens his breath or imparts a favorite perfume to his clothing, or it may soothe his nerves and soften his temper; but these do not clothe him with the privilege of blowing his smoke into my face or into the air so near me as to reach my mouth and nostrils. My right not to have his smoke is as great as his can be to have it.

That every one of us has the right to breathe the air, and to breathe it as the Dispenser of all good has made it, will hardly be disputed. How then does it happen that this right is so often and so rudely infringed? Is it because the indulgence of the appetite has blunted the edge of that delicate sensibility which feels for others, or extinguished that love of justice which would yield to every one the full measure of his rights, or that readiness of self-denial which would rather abridge something of one's own happiness in order to increase the happiness of another?

Going up the other day on the lift which leads to my office, I remonstrated with a man who was smoking in the little box 4½ by 7 where six or eight persons were wedged in. He merely replied that if I did not like smoking I had better walk up the stairs! What sort of a creature should one take this man to be? That he had the manners of a savage with the heart of a brute is evident enough. What can he be in his own family or in the society which he frequents, if any society will have him, or in his club if he has been admitted to one? He might have been captain of a slave-ship in the old slave-traders' days, or the overseer, without mercy or remorse, of the plantation described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Smoking has invaded legislative bodies—not merely the committee-rooms, but the halls of legislation. I have seen in the House of Representatives members smoking in their seats. It is prohibited by the rules, but the laxity which prevails in the enforcement of laws in general prevails here. The Speaker sits quietly by and sees it going on. The Sergeant-at-arms evidently winks at it, and his assistants wink, of course, when he winks.

The practice has not yet invaded the courts; but it is not easy to see why it should not, for the places where the laws are administered are no more sacred than the places where the laws are made.

The steamers and railways are in a manner taken possession of. Let me relate an occurrence on one of the Cunarders the last summer.

The steamer was full; the weather was hot; we had to sit on deck most of the day, or be half stifled; the seats all taken were crowded together; some passengers sea-sick, some reading, some regarding the sea with that look of weariness which made them seem to wish

often and often that the voyage were over. Nothing was wanting to the completeness of the picture but the smoker, and he came sure enough, not stealthily, as if he would say, "With your leave," but boldly, cigar in one hand and match in the other, proffering a foretaste of brimstone before the surfeit of tobacco. In half an hour you might count a score or so of men engaged in the same pleasing performance, forsaking in their selfishness the smoking-room set apart for them. Now and then some one ventured with a sigh or a look to express disapprobation. But no matter; the captain saw it; no one interfered. The captain was spoken to. He said he would gladly stop the practice, but could not, though he knew that smoking in the state-rooms endangered the safety of the ship. Finally a large number of the company sent him this letter:

"The undersigned, cabin passengers, who are annoyed by smoking near them when on the deck, venture to ask that some part of the deck may be designated where they may be able to sit without the annoyance of tobacco smoke."

Next morning the following was posted at the forward end of the ladies' saloon:

"The non-smokers, having made a request of the captain for a portion of the ship to be assigned to them, the smokers will please not smoke abaft this."

This mild request was not interpreted as an order. Most of the smokers respected it, however; some did not. One man, with a visage as coarse as his gait and manners, persisted in smoking on the after-deck. He was remonstrated with. His reply was, "I am an American citizen, and I will do just what I like." Heaven forbid that he should be taken as a sample of the American citizen! A good democrat or a good republican he assuredly was not, for such a one would have respected the rights and even the feelings of others.

When the steamer reached her wharf in New York there was of course a great bustle in getting out and arranging the passengers' baggage. Men and women were crowded on the land side, but every third or fourth man was smoking with all his might, regardless of everybody but himself, blowing his unsavory fumes into the faces of men who did not smoke, and who hated the smoke if they did not hate the smoker, and into the faces of women—the matron pale from seasickness, or the fair young girl peering into the crowd on the wharf for the form of father or mother or friend awaiting her return.

Public dinners and clubs are made places of tribulation more than entertainment for those who do not smoke. They who, in order to do honor to somebody or to some occasion, are drawn into a public dinner, are smoked as if they were so many pieces of bacon. No sooner has the last course of dessert been served than the cigars are brought in, and the room is enveloped in a cloud of tobacco. Probably half the guests do not smoke at all. That does not matter. Those who do smoke have, of course, according to their own theory, the right to drive out, or, as one might put it, smoke out all the rest; so that, with the ever-refilled glasses, the thick vapor blown out of mouths already surcharged with the vegetables and viands, the clatter of plates and the voices of the orators, the sad and sub-

missive non-smoker has, to put it mildly, rather a hard time of it.

In the Forty-second Street Railway Station in New York is a notice bravely displayed in large black letters on a bright ground, "Smoking strictly prohibited in this room." It goes on nevertheless. The keepers of the place see it, the policemen see it, but they do nothing. I pointed out a smoker to one of these policemen, and called his attention to the notice. He answered that it was not his business to interfere. Indeed, one might be inclined to suspect that the notice was a joke after all, and that what seemed to be bad grammar was good grammar nevertheless, and signified the act of prohibition rather than the thing prohibited. The mania has as many manifestations as sorcery. Sometimes it is in the form of a cigarette, which a twelve-year-old boy asks a grown-up smoker to light for him in the street; sometimes in the form of a cigar-stump, still lighted, in the hand of the smoker as he gets into an omnibus or car, so enamored with the taste that he has no heart to let even the stump go; sometimes it is in the form of a man breaking the rules of the elevated railways, and lighting his cigar as he leaves the platform or descends the stairs; sometimes in the taste for drink which the smoking begets; sometimes in the opening of a window and puffing covertly out of it, as if nobody else could smell or see.

It does not lessen the wrong which those who do not smoke suffer from those who do that so many of the latter are unconscious of it. It is impossible otherwise to account for the number of amiable gentlemen who, without even asking leave, make no scruple of lighting cigars in places where there are ladies, or gentlemen who not only do not smoke, but who detest the practice. It may be that they think long tolerance has ripened into right, or, without thinking at all, but with an assurance alien to all else they think or do, they assume that what seems good to them must seem good to all. The smoker's creed appears to consist of three articles: First, Smoking is good for me. Second, Being good for me, it must be good for everybody else. Third, Therefore, everybody else shall have it. Now we non-smokers disbelieve the first, deny the second and resist the third.

If this creed were a true one the smoking-car of a railway would be a patch of paradise. Try it then with a party of ladies. Let a traveler, smoker or non-smoker, entering a train at a way station with such a party, chance to light upon this car. He will hurry through it as if it were a place accursed, and the first word to hear from the ladies will be an exclamation of extreme disgust, and as they step on tiptoe over the grimy floor, lifting their skirts and holding their breath to exclude, if possible, every particle of that cloud of tobacco, thick enough to cut with a knife, they will rejoice on reaching the other door, as those who have escaped from an evil den, so foul, filthy and fetid is the whole concern.

Why smoking is disagreeable to his neighbor is not for the smoker to ask; that is none of his business. That it is disagreeable, is enough for his neighbor, and it should be enough for him. He may, and no doubt does like it. It is an old maxim that there is no disputing about tastes. There are people who like unsavory smells. One who has lived all his life by the side of a slaughter-house may take pleasure in the smell of offal; and workmen in the fat-boiling establishments to the east of Murray Hill may like the odor; but if others do not like it, it is their right not to have it. Reasons for disliking it might be given in plenty if that were necessary. Every puff of tobacco blown out of a man's

mouth is loaded with saliva. Now, no one likes to be spit upon. Take a white cambric handkerchief, and hold it so as to breathe into it a little tobacco smoke. There will be left a sediment of yellow matter resembling ear-wax. This is what you take in when a smoker blows in your face a whiff of his tobacco.

When we pass beyond the domain of taste to consider what is useful or hurtful, each must be allowed to decide for himself. This much however we may be permitted to say. Whatever else, good or bad, smoking may do for the smoker, it can hardly be doubted that it calls into exercise the selfish elements of his nature. It takes possession of many men who are in general amiable, generous and deferential to others, but who are reduced to such a condition of servitude to tobacco that they forget their habitual good manners in other respects, and take no thought of the discomfort they inflict. Some there are, the more scrupulous and the least enslaved, who before lighting a cigar will ask their neighbors whether they have any objection, or whether it is disagreeable to them. Why do they ask? If they would reflect a little they would perceive that the mere fact of asking leave is a condemnation of the practice. When one holds a bunch of grapes in his hand, he does not ask his neighbor's leave to eat them. More likely he will ask the neighbor to partake and expect him to eat half of them. If one were to write down what he thinks passing in the minds of the two parties about tobacco, the imaginary dialogue would be in this wise: Q. "Will smoking be disagreeable to you?" A. "Why do you ask?" Q. "Because I know it is disagreeable to many." A. "Is that not a reason for not asking me?" Q. "Why?" A. "Because I do not like smoking and I do not like to disoblige you." This happens when they stand on an equal footing. When they do not thus stand, the wrong is the greater. Many persons, most persons indeed, dislike to refuse to another the privilege of indulging his taste or appetite; and when one is very desirous to obtain or keep the good will of another he is put under a special constraint. If a young man of agreeable conversation takes a seat on the veranda of a hotel or the deck of a steamer beside a young lady, and, pulling out his cigarette and match, asks her if his smoking will be disagreeable to her, she is unfairly treated; because if she says no she probably suppresses her real feelings and suffers a temporary inconvenience, but enjoys his attentions and conversation; while if she says yes, she loses both and possibly his future good will.

How can the smoker and the non-smoker reconcile their respective pretensions? Nothing is easier. Let the smoker smoke unto himself, but let one, who does not smoke or take tobacco into his mouth or blow it out of his nostrils, be free from the annoyance. The non-smokers have their remedy in their own hands. Let them resist every encroachment on their rights. Let them refuse to frequent places of amusement or take passage in conveyances where they are not protected against tobacco. If, for example, it were once understood that a particular line of steamers makes adequate provision for the defense of passengers against the intrusion of smokers, that alone would surely gain, other things being equal, many passengers who would refuse to go where their rights are habitually violated, as they now are, in many of the river and sea-going steamers. The community is made up of individuals. Let each assert his own rights and the abuse will cease. In short, if those who do not smoke will let it be well known once for all that they mean to have their rights respected, they will be respected.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

NO MAN'S LAND.

OUTSIDE my window's double pane
The storm shrieks by like banshee old;
The wind wails with a sad refrain,
And all the air is bitter cold.

The men and women, muffled, fast
Go by, with faces pinched and blue;
They shiver as they hurry past;
The fierce wind stings them through and through.

The wan white houses through the snow
Look cold and ghost-like where they stand,
And so I shut my eyes, and go
Off to my home in No Man's Land.

As ancient slaves of lamp and ring
Obeyed their owner's least behest,
My thoughts like modern genii spring
To bear me to that region blest.

I lie within a warm, dim room,
With curtains rich that sweep the floor;
The scent of myriad flowers in bloom
Comes stealing through the open door.

The leaves are fluttering on the vine;
The song of birds comes fresh and free,
And far beyond I see the shine
And sparkle of a sunlit sea.

A great blue bowl, of antique ware,
Stands on a table by my side,
Piled high with grapes and melons rare,
Peaches with blush of morning dyed.

No more I hear the wind and snow,
No more the houses ghost-like stand:
Is it a wonder that I go
Off to my home in No Man's Land?

ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWES.

ICHABOD TURNER'S MISSION.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"CROOKED! Crooked! Crooked!" rang out the sharp, peculiar, dissonant voice, and the tall, thin figure in seedy garments and flapping hat swayed to and fro on the stump that had been selected for a rostrum. "All things have gone crooked in this world, and I've come to set 'em straight—to undo the snarls, give the power where it belongs and put men in their places. Oh—h—h my friends! The world is topsyturvy; the top's at the bottom and the bottom's at the top, and I've come to turn things right eend up."

The six o'clock whistle had sounded the close of another day's work at the shops, and the men, pouring out from the various smoke-stained archways, paused to listen. It was a motley group—some bedaubed with many colors from the paint rooms, some with grimy hands and faces from foundry or machine shop, while farther back, on the long platform that extended along the track were gathered that inevitable adjunct of any crowd, the boys, and a sprinkling of women—some of the latter with children in their arms. The speaker's excitement seemed to deepen as his audience increased. The keen eyes under the old hat darted lightning-like glances here and there; he gesticulated wildly and his voice rose to a still higher pitch.

"Oh—h—h yes! Look at me! I'm Ichabod Turner, and the mission I'm sent on is to mend all crookedness and turn things right eend up!"

The men seemed to find a grim pleasure in the harangue. They laughed as they exchanged comments.

"Chosen a good point to begin at, eh, Jack?" questioned one.

"I should say so! He'll have a tough contract, even if he doesn't extend his territory."

"Goin' to set all things straight? It'll take a mightier than you to do that job. I wish to massy he'd begin it soon!" murmured an old woman on the platform as she picked up her bundle and trudged on again.

The two men looked after her, and the elder shook his grizzled head.

"Poor soul! No doubt things seem crooked enough to her; her boy was crushed between the cars last year. Does seem as if somebody might invent a way to get along with killing fewer brakemen."

Jim Barclay, sauntering down the long walk, stopped beside a bright young girl who had paused for a moment on the outer edge of the crowd.

"If that fellow would begin his work by altering the days and nights a little, or my means of enjoying them, I'd be obliged to him," he laughed.

The girl turned with a little start of surprise and pleasure.

"Why, Jim!" Then a glance at his lunch-basket brought the swift question: "You're not going out to-night? It's not your run."

"I must make it though, they say. It's an extra train, and they are short of men, somehow—off or disabled. I feel considerably disabled myself."

"You were out last night?"

"And all the night before and nearly all yesterday. I didn't get in to-day until afternoon, and I was scarcely settled into a comfortable sleep before I was called. I'm not fit to go, that's a fact. Don't worry, Dell."

He broke off his sentence abruptly as he saw the shadow of anxiety on his companion's fair face. "It doesn't happen so often. They're short, you see."

"It oughtn't to happen at all," insisted Dell, indignantly. "I wouldn't go."

"Then my head would come off at short notice," laughed Jim. "We can't afford that."

Pretty Dell flushed rosily. She knew so well what that meant. There was a little house tacked over and arranged to every detail of its simple furnishing, for which they two were planning when Jim should obtain his hoped-for promotion.

"No, I won't insure any necks to-night, but I'll take the risk of crushing a few other people's heads rather than the certainty of losing my own," laughed Jim. "It's a pity that fellow who is so sure of his mission couldn't turn my brains right side up; they feel crooked enough. But don't worry, Dell," he repeated hurriedly.

The crowd began to thin. Hungry men, swinging their empty dinner-pails, presently found the prospect of supper more alluring than the stranger's promised millennium. Jim looked at his watch, and found he had not even five minutes to spare for a part of the homeward walk with Dell. He parted from her with a reluctant good-by, and she walked away alone. She had gone but a few steps, however, when she turned and looked back.

"You'll be careful, Jim? Don't let anything happen."

"Why, Dell!" He laughed, half touched, half wondering. "I oughtn't to have talked such nonsense. Don't be uneasy."

She smiled in answer, and the cloud slowly faded from her face as she walked on. A call for extra service was no cause for serious trouble—all these exigencies were so familiar to her. Bell and whistle, messenger and despatch, with their always imperative and often unwelcome orders, were a part of the daily life. Jim would be tired and worn out, of course. That had happened often, and doubtless must happen again, but her thoughts turned to pleasanter pictures of the future—to arranging once more that tiny house with its dainty rooms, which should be a very haven of rest to one who came home weary. She paused on the long iron bridge, and looked down on the network of tracks below, crossing and interlacing in a seemingly inextricable tangle.

The gray twilight of the short autumn afternoon was already deepening toward night, and the headlights of the engines, passing and re-passing as they changed from one track to another, shone out brilliantly. Men were running here and there, waving their signal lanterns and shouting hoarse orders that to one uninitiated only mingled confusedly with the heavy breathing of locomotives and the clangor of bells. Farther back, looming in rugged outlines against the faint rose of the western sky, were the great shops, grim and silent. The brown eyes watching from the bridge presently discovered the figure they sought winding its way in and out among the trains. He did not look up, and the girl smiled at the thought of watching him, herself unobserved. Then her face grew grave and sweet with a passing fancy that so, from their height above the din and turmoil, the unseen angels look down upon our mortal life.

"Only, I suppose, all the tangles and bewilderments grow clear to them, as I am sure they do not to me," she added with a little sigh. "And their watching is of some use, while mine cannot help poor Jim."

He had some need of help as the evening wore on, though he but dimly realized it. Getting everything in readiness for starting was harder work than usual. There was a dull pain in his eyes and a throbbing in his temples.

"This trip's rather rough on you, Jim?" remarked a fireman, half questioningly, half commiseratingly.

"Rather!" Jim laughed faintly. "I'm stiff and used up, but I'll get over it when we're fairly off, I expect."

When the station with its din and dancing lights was left behind, however, and the long line stretched away straight before him, his occupation became but a mere

routine so treacherously familiar that it would scarcely hold his eyes or thoughts. Mechanically he attended to his engine, with his mind straying far away from it to Dell, and then running oddly into a confused memory of the speaker at the depot, until the swift movement of the polished rods before him seemed the motion of gesticulating arms, and the sound in his ears resolved itself into a measured monotonous repetition of meaningless words—"Crooked and straight! Right side up!"

"Hello! Caught myself napping, I do believe! Jim Barclay, what are you about? See here, Bill!"—to his fireman—"just keep an eye on me, will you?"

The young engineer shook himself, looked about him and stood stiffly erect. He whistled a tune vigorously to assure himself that he was wide awake. What a drowsy rockaby motion the train had! Even the jar and rattle seemed to lull and stupefy, though he stood erect at his post. He was glad this sort of work was nearly over. At least he hoped it was nearly over, for he did not see how the desired promotion could be much longer delayed, and then such calls as this would be fewer. He was looking anxiously forward to the day when he could carry the longed-for tidings to Dell. Dear little girl, how her face would brighten! What a cosy, happy home she could make! and she said the curtains wouldn't cost anything, and hammock on the porch to rest in. Lights? Queer where the lights came from, unless—why, yes, almost to a station, of course. Dell must have put a bright light in the window.

Alas! Bill had climbed back over the tender to look at a suspected hot-box on the after truck.

Shriek after shriek of warning from a steam-whistle aided the flashing of the signal lights and, at last, forced their meaning upon the benumbed brain. With a low cry of horror the engine was reversed, but too late to avert the crash that followed as the two freight trains were piled upon each other in common wreck.

"What possessed you to run on in that fashion, man? Were you drunk or crazy?" demanded more than one rough voice as Jim stood by the track. But he only gazed with blanched face at the scene before him and answered them nothing.

"Fortunately—almost miraculously, it seemed—no one was seriously injured," as the morning papers said in chronicling the occurrence. Under the same glaring head-lines they also commended the promptness of the company in dismissing "the engineer whose criminal carelessness caused the disaster, and who, as nearly as could be learned, was comfortably sleeping at his post, and so neglectful of all signals!"

These were the tidings that reached Dell instead of the glad word for which she had waited.

"What they say is true, after a fashion," said Jim simply and sadly. "I was to blame for it—and yet I wasn't, for I was not fit to make the run, and I told them so."

There was no one to chronicle his years of faithful service, or the "criminal carelessness," if not cruelty, which had placed him in such a position; but these things were well understood among the many workers in that railroad town, and they acknowledged to each other, with ready but helpless sympathy, that it was "rough on poor Jim."

Rough it surely grew as the long days came and went, and the hope of reinstatement grew dimmer. "All those missing men, who couldn't be found when I needed a single night's rest, seem to have turned up once more, and they can spare me indefinitely," he explained to Dell, with a pretense of jocularly that scarcely covered the bitterness. The brave little woman

tried to comfort and encourage him, though the dancing light had gone out of her brown eyes, and new grave lines were deepening about the young lips. The little house they had planned seemed so like the shadowy ghost of a dead hope that neither cared to talk of it any more, and indeed Dell's ingenuity found full occupation now in combating the various wild schemes which Jim in his desperation was constantly forming. He had been away to look for employment, but business was dull everywhere at this season; and, moreover, grown up in that railroad town, where all interest and industry centered in the shops and tracks, he had belonged to the line from boyhood; he could do but the one thing, and there was little chance for a situation elsewhere while the shadow of the great corporation's disapproval seemed to follow him in all his efforts like a blighting frost.

So the bright autumn leaves dropped from the trees, leaving only brown and barren branches; the soft haze faded from the hills; and the narrow iron track, stretching away over the frozen earth toward the cold gray sky, looked to Dell's sorrowful eyes a fitting emblem of the dreary life-road that lay before her.

"I'm going away to-morrow," Jim was saying, as they passed slowly over the bridge and down toward the town. "I've shown idiocy enough in waiting here for any chance or justice. I mean to go as far west as I can make my way, and I'll come back when I've some good word to bring—if that time ever comes."

It was useless to combat his purpose; there was nothing better to offer. The girl's wistful gaze strayed with a dreary persistency to the track again. What a hard, narrow road it was, stretching on to its cheerless goal—the far-away wintry horizon!

Down on the walk by the round-house a knot of loungers had gathered. Ichabod Turner's wanderings had brought him thither again—the place seemed to hold some peculiar fascination for him—and he was discoursing on his favorite theme. Suddenly a movement and murmur of excitement ran through the crowd, and its numbers were speedily augmented from various quarters of the building. Swiftly and unexpectedly the speaker had turned, and with a single bound placed himself in the cab of a locomotive that had for a moment been left untenanted.

"It's steamed up!" "Off! off!" "Come out of that!" shouted several voices.

But Ichabod laughed hoarsely and waved his long arms triumphantly above his head.

"I'm the only man on this continent that can run an engine! I'm ordered to take this one and go and turn the world right side up! Hurrah!"

Two or three persons rushed forward, but he caught up an iron bar and wielded it so vigorously that they were compelled to fall back. Then, like a flash, his hand seized the throttle-lever, and the dangerous steed he had chosen began to show signs of life.

"Pull him off!" "Block the wheels!" rang out in conflicting orders. But the madman laughed again, his wild eyes gleaming like fire, and shook his bar in threatening and defiance.

"Touch me if you dare! I'm sent to set the crooked straight. Here comes the millennium! Clear the track for the millennium!" And he was off.

Swiftly as an arrow some one darted through the crowd, ran along the track and leaped on to the engine, clinging, no one knew quite how, as it moved away. Dell found herself suddenly deserted, and could only move forward with the others, who were following with eyes of mingled admiration and horror the athletic

young figure clinging and swinging as the speed increased, until finally it forced its way into the cab.

"What a terror to be let loose on the road! Who can tell what he will run into before he can be stopped!" exclaimed one with white face.

"Jim Barclay 'll manage him!"

"Jim 'll be killed!" answered dissenting voices.

Jim's unexpected appearance in the cab, meanwhile, had momentarily confused its occupant who, until then, had not been aware of his presence.

"Where did you come from?" he demanded in surprise.

"Flew down," panted Jim; "sent to help you. But what on earth do you mean by trying to start the millennium in broad daylight?"

"Daylight?" repeated Ichabod, bewildered by an earnestness and assurance as fierce as his own.

"Don't you know we must wait until the stars begin to fall? Besides, we must go back and telegraph to all the world to clear the track for us."

He was improving his companion's momentary confusion by gently edging into his place and crowding him back, while he urged the superior advantages of his own plan of proceeding. All the details of that brief, horrible ride Jim could never clearly recall, but, with the engine once in his own hands, he held possession, and as soon as it was possible reversed it, endeavoring the while to distract the other's attention by a stream of explanations concerning their joint mission. The suggestion of clearing the track seemed to suit Ichabod's crazed brain, and seizing the cord near him he clung to it so persistently that the shrieking, deafening steam-whistle drowned out all farther efforts at conversation, and never ceased its terrific din until they rolled back into the great yard. Officers, police and train despatchers had been hastily notified, only to find themselves helpless in the matter, and a line of anxious spectators watched the engine's return. Then, discovering for the first time that his project was foiled, or bent upon some new scheme—no one could ever tell which—Ichabod suddenly dropped the cord, and, before his companion could surmise his intention, leaped to the track. A moment later he was drawn from under the cruel wheels and tenderly lifted.

"So endeth—the first lesson," he murmured, and then all earthly tangles for him were over, and life's rough places grew smooth and plain.

Jim was greeted with congratulations, praises and questions on every side.

"That was a brave deed of yours, sir—a dangerous undertaking, very skillfully planned and executed," declared an officer of the road, with a congratulatory shake of the hand. "It far more than cancels that little misfortune of yours last fall. There is no telling where this thing might have ended but for you. Call around at the office in the morning, will you? We shall have something to say to you."

"What does that mean?" questioned eager Dell, as Jim made his way to her side.

"It means that everything is all right again," answered Jim, with an odd smile playing about his lips. "Queer how soon a bit of success can change a great crime into merely 'a little misfortune.'"

The excitement was over, and the yard slowly settled back to its ordinary routine, but the young engineer and pretty Dell lingered for a last pitying, tender glance at the still form, reverently covered now.

"For whatever he may have been to the rest of the world, dear Jim, for us he fulfilled his mission," said the girl softly.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XV.

"Is that all?" came in a chorus as Dorothy laid down the sheets. "It's only the beginning. Isn't there another?"

"Oh, yes, there's another, and I'll either read it at once or allow a short interval for discussion."

"I don't want to discuss till I know how it ended," said Molly Peters. "I think she's rather flowery in her way of telling things, but if she really succeeded, we could stand that. Haven't you the next one there? Oh, do go right on!"

"Very well," Dorothy said. "But this second one is only partly from Amy. Milly Hood begins it—such a nice girl—but it is to Eleanor, all the same. These two cover the whole question of small fruits, and then comes chickens, which, I think, has more bearing on Molly Peters than these earlier ones. However, this is the way the thing began, and 'Order is Heaven's first law,' etc. Here goes:

"Autobiographies are the order it seems, dear Eleanor, and I am to begin at the beginning of things and tell you as fully as Amy has done exactly how I have been performing, with all the ups and downs of my experience. That I am a Busy-Body is the best thing that ever happened to me and to all of us, for it gave each one of us the occupation and interest in life that she needed.

"I had grown up, I fear, indolent and wayward. Father and mother were too busy to understand or to help. I needed to be set about something and made to do it thoroughly. No duties were required of us. We lived in a selfish, haphazard, unsatisfactory existence.

"The way I really woke up was this: Father employed many men at his paper factory on the Raritan River, in whom we took no interest. They were paid less than two dollars a day—a small sum for my weekly pocket-money—and on that Mike had to bring up his family.

"But I have not told you who Mike was. One day father came home looking grave, and said that one of the mill hands had been badly injured in the machinery. 'Daughter,' he went on, 'you must go down after dinner with John, and take them a basketful of necessities. See what they need. All they have to depend upon now is the wages of Jim and Maggie, the eldest boy and girl.'

"Accordingly we went down to the house on the river, which seemed little larger than my play-house and swarmed with children. Mother could not go, for there was Lizzie's dress to finish and my white muslin to loop and trim for the sociable at Mrs. Ridley's that very night. But she put up a lot of jelly and marmalade and some fine pippins that had just ripened. There was also a bit of fruit-cake and some cookies, 'to tempt the appetite,' as mother said.

"Such a scene as that was! The children had been crying, and clustered around the door with the dirt on their brown faces all washed into comical ridges. I couldn't help laughing, for on the visage of one four years old could be traced the whole coast-line of Massachusetts, with Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. But one look at the woeful face of Mike's wife checked all my levity.

"Never shall I forget her expression, as she saw the contents of my basket. 'A sup o' jelly and a bite o' cake!' she exclaimed in a tone between scorn and grief. 'An' him lyin' there twixt life and death! Go tell your mither,' she continued, 'that this is for the loikes ov yez to tickle yer appetites with, but for us, we 'll be stharvin' within the wake, onless the charity ov some ov our own kind kapes

the breath o' life in us. She manes well, but she don't know nothin' at all, at all!'

"I went home crying, but that night the family had some potatoes and meal, and I had the promise of half an acre of good land, after which I sought the counsel of Mr. Stone.

"That gentleman, looking at me quizzically over his glasses, began thus:

"'Won't you tire of that in a month or two? Gardening means hard work, child; do you know what that is? You had better think twice before beginning.'

"But, I had thought twice. In a few days father had a half acre measured off, and we agreed that everything was to be accounted for, as though he were dealing with a stranger. The south end of the lot was a brush-covered ridge, north of which, Mr. Stone said, must be set the currants, which require both shade and moisture; north of this again would be set the raspberries; and last of all, blackberries.

"Mother was dreadfully scandalized at my course. She said no Trimble—she was a Trimble—had ever so demeaned herself, which I believe. Why, Aunt Sophia sat in the old homestead with the shutters never opened all summer, for fear of flies and sunshine, and mother was too much like her.

"But father, seconded by his sister, Aunt Keziah, overruled the Trimble prejudice and had the land plowed deep and enriched with muck and manure, ready for planting. Then, taking Mr. Stone in the phaeton, I drove down to the nursery, where he selected 290 currant bushes, cherry and white grape; 500 Dolittle improved raspberries, black-cap; 450 Kitatinny blackberries; each lot being sufficient for one-sixth of an acre.

"When they came, with Mike's Jim, we went to the field. Mr. Stone informed me that the currants, though two years old, would not bear till a year from the next spring, but continued, by way of consolation, that they would remain in prime condition for fifteen or twenty years, if well cared for. He showed Jim how to set them out in rows, five feet apart each way. I went down the furrows, proudly holding the plants while Jim filled in the earth, never thinking of the injury I was doing to the Trimble blood. You would hardly believe how soon it was finished.

"To my dismay, Mr. Stone then directed the boy to cut back the bushes nearly one half, declaring that this vigor was needed to send out rootlets and fix them firmly before winter. 'Roots are like people,' said he, 'they need to take good hold of real life before blossoming.'

"The raspberry roots were set seven feet by two apart, so as to make hedges, and the blackberries eight by two, and when all was done there was a tired but happy Milly.

"That finished the fall work. The next spring but few had been winter-killed. These were replaced. As they grew Mr. Stone showed me how to pinch off all the terminal buds, leaving the canes only three or four feet high; also to prune out the berry-canines with large shears, leaving about six in each bush. This he assured me would make them stronger and more prolific. 'All force needs to be conserved and rightly directed,' he continued. 'See that your own energy is not wasted like that of an untrimmed bush.'

"With impatience I waited the coming of the second spring. You should have seen the half acre then! The berry blossoms fairly laughed with glee, and the currant bushes rang with fairy pendulous bells. Mike's children were among the pickers, and even mother came down

from her shadowy room to enjoy the scene. I superintended everything, kept accounts, and learned to be practical and useful. It was hard work, but the inherited energy of the Hoods rose to the occasion. The fruit was all taken in the village and by the grocer except what was used in the family, which was credited to my account. The result is a fund with which to begin a kindergarten for the children of father's employes. This I resolved to do when Mike was injured.

"That fall we cut out all the old canes (only the new growth bears fruit), trimmed the currant bushes closely, weeded them all, and then Jim spread manure around each hill. This is the result:

DR.	
To plowing, harrowing and setting out one half acre,	\$3.75
To manure for same,	5.00
To 290 currant bushes,	10.00
To 500 raspberry bushes,	3.75
To 450 blackberry bushes,	4.00
To plowing, weeding, pruning and manure second season,	8.25
To cost of picking,	45.24
Total,	\$79.99

"On the other side:

CR.	
By 1528 lbs. currants at 5 cents per lb.,	\$76.40
By 1172 qts. raspberries at 11 cents per qt.,	128.92
By 1340 qts. blackberries at 10 cents per qt.,	134.00
	\$339.32

"This left a balance of \$259.33 in my favor, with which, you may be sure, I am very content. You observe I had no expenses of commission on sales, but, on the other hand, my yield of currants will be greater as the bushes grow, and the prices of all my sales were low. Mr. Stone bids me tell you that this report need not be taken as a standard. All depends on fertility of the land, industry, skill and the season. Another year I shall charge more, as there is a certain market, and shall only cultivate enough ground to take care of thoroughly. You will also observe that I give only the average price of fruit. Some was sold much higher and some lower. I close to make room for my fellow Busy-Body.

"Yours ever,

MILLY HOOD."

AMY ALLSTON'S REPORT OF STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

"Well, dear Eleanor, I am delighted to give you the result of my strawberry venture. When I wrote you, the vines were all set, fortunately just before a rain, which gave them a chance to take root at once. A few days afterwards Janet and I went through them with our garden hoes, stirring the ground very lightly. We left them alone then till early winter, when Will helped us gather and draw many wheelbarrow loads of dead leaves, in order to mulch them or spread between the rows, and also to cover the plants themselves, to prevent repeated freezing and thawing. But the greater share of them we covered with salt hay from the Jersey meadows, which was always kept for bedding our pony. This we covered with brush and boards, to keep in place, and then left them to the care of mother Nature till spring.

"Late in March we raked aside the covering, but left it between the rows. Every week we clipped off the runners and pulled the weeds, and watched our vines grow strong and blossom freely. On the 27th of May Janet and I picked our first berries for market, and from that time on we were truly 'Busy-Bodies.' We worked early and late, being careful to have dresses short enough not to injure the vines. It was hard work for our bent weary backs, as it grew warm and faint, but we knew it must be done.

"Mother, Janet, Will and Pete did good service, and little Cecy cheers us from her wagon under a neighboring tree.

"Our first thank-offerings were for Mr. and Mrs. Stone; then our friends about, attracted by my venture, flocked in daily for berries, which were large and nice. We employed none to pick who would not keep clean hands or who were careless about injuring the vines or fruit. In about five weeks the harvest was over, and after taking breath, we counted our gains:

DR.	
Cost of plants (3630),	\$11.80
Cost of picking,	10.25
Total,	\$22.05

CR.	
By 1178 qts. of berries at an average of 15 cents per quart,	\$176.70
Net profit on one quarter acre,	\$154.65

"If we had to pay expenses of plowing, weeding, manure, etc., it would have greatly lessened the profits. On the other hand the season was backward, and the yield was not large, they tell me, in consideration of the fine condition of the plants and the cultivation they received, which was better than we could give a larger plot. At all events, we set out half an acre more the August after.

"Cecy had her rolling chair, the children were kept at school that winter, and the dear mother grew more cheerful. I, as you know, with gymnastics, and walks and the care of my poultry, grew *happy and strong*, but—of my other experiences you shall hear, by and by."

There was a moment's pause as Dorothy laid down the pages and looked toward Molly Peters, who gave an impatient sigh.

"It all sounds so easy," she said. "But these girls were near New York and could sell things just because of that."

"Not at all," said Dorothy. "Don't you see that they say everything was sold in the village?"

"But nothing could be sold here. Everybody has gardens."

"St. Albans is seven miles away—a large town, with a great hotel full of summer boarders, and sending to Boston for all its fruit," said Miss Dunbar, who had been watching her absorbed face as the reading went on. "I don't say that there is a fortune there, but there certainly is money for anybody who has anything really worth selling."

"Strawberries wouldn't grow way up here: it's too cold."

"Is it? A year ago, on the mainland opposite Mt. Desert, I saw a family who were going from poverty to comfort by means of strawberries, and as handsome ones as I ever saw. It simply requires a little more care—a southern exposure, and covering the beds well with dead leaves in the winter. They had fine raspberries, too, and sold all at Boston prices. There is no reason why every berry that is likely to be raised here should not find a ready sale. I am half disposed to go into the business myself."

"Father would think I was crazy if I asked for a piece of the south meadow lot; but it's just what I want to do," said Molly.

"Would it surprise him if you asked him to let you learn dressmaking, or take painting lessons?"

"No, but that's different. Working in the ground isn't woman's work he would say. He thought we were all a little out of our heads working so at the old graveyard."

"He looked very much pleased when I saw him walking through it."

"Yes, he couldn't help that. Everybody wonders

now that we let it get so run down, but they say the men ought to have turned out and fixed it. He likes me to do what I want to do though."

"Folks stop fussing when they find you're going to do a thing anyhow," said Hannah Hartwick sagely. "That's the way it's been about Sybil Waite's carpentering. They talked awfully for a while, and now everybody has settled down to it, and thinks it is rather nice and a real credit to her. I'd like a strawberry bed, whether I sold any or not. We never get any but wild ones. I don't see why they wouldn't grow for me."

"They wou'd, of course," said Molly Cushing, to whom Hannah had turned unconsciously. "Ours are always nice. I never thought anything about it, but Tryphena knows all about the best kinds."

"Maybe she wouldn't be willing to tell," said Hannah shyly, with a remembrance of one or two encounters in the sewing society between Mrs. Lovering and Miss Tryphena.

"I'd like to know why anybody thinks I'd lock up

an' hide the Lord's gifts," Miss Huggins remarked, emerging from the corner where the sewing machine stood. "If it was patterns, there might be some sense in keepin' every woman in town from havin' aprons jest alike. But berries! If folks wants to know about ours, all they've got to do is to ask. I don't hinder 'em. There ain't a crook nor a turn of a Vermont strawberry bed that I ain't up to. 'Tain't time yet though to set out. Ask in August an' you'll see—'long about the middle. An' you'll have a chance to find out in half an hour what they come to when they're well tended."

There was small question when they took their places at the lunch-table as to Miss Tryphena's success, and Molly Peters shut her lips firmly with a look that promised action of some very definite sort.

"This doesn't count," Dorothy said, as they separated at last, having pulled out the last basting-thread and left the covers ready for pressing out smoothly. "We'll have another report from the Busy-Bodies Saturday afternoon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



AN ANNIVERSARY.

So long, so short,
So swift, so slow,
Are the years of man
As they come and go!

O love, it was so long ago!
So long, so long that we were young,
And in the cloisters of our hearts
Hope all her joy-bells rung!
So long, so long that since that hour
Full half a lifetime hath gone by—
How ran the days ere first we met,
Beloved, thou and I?

We had our dreams, no doubt. The dawn
Must still presage the rising sun,
And rose and crimson flush the east
Ere day is well begun!
We had our dreams—fair, shadowy wraiths
That fled when Day's full splendor kissed
Our soul's high places, and its winds
Swept the vales clear of mist!

So long, so short
So swift, so slow,
Are the years of man
As they come and go!

O love, it was but yesterday!
Who said it was so long ago?
How many times the rose hath bloomed,
Why should we care to know?
For it was just as sweet last June,
As dewy fresh, as fair, as red,
As when our first glad Eden knew!
The rare perfumes it shed!

O love, it was but yesterday!
If yesterday is far away,
As brightly on the hilltops lies
The sunshine of to-day!
Sing thou, my soul! O heart be glad!
O circling years fly swift or slow!
Your ripening harvests shall not fail,
Nor autumn's utmost glow?

JULIA C. R. DORR.

MIGMA.

IN presenting the last installment of "Belinda," this week, *THE CONTINENT* feels called upon to make some reference to the irregular appearance of this serial in its pages during the past few months. On no other subject connected with the editorial management of the magazine have we had so many communications from our subscribers, who very justly felt that the brief installments we were able to give them, and the frequent intermissions of even those, was not in accordance with *THE CONTINENT*'s promises to improve on the monthly magazines by giving generous and frequent printings of serial stories. In justice to ourselves it must be said that our arrangements with the English publishers of "Belinda" were such as would have enabled us to give the large and regular installments which are a feature of *THE CONTINENT*, had they been furnished to us as agreed. This, however, was not done, and we were compelled through pure lack of "copy" to fall back to the slow progress of the monthly magazine, whose installments become meagre when adapted to *THE CONTINENT*'s weekly issue. We are not sure whether we have given the story as slowly as it has appeared in *Temple Bar*, in which it was published in England; but if we have been allowed to print it a little faster than that monthly, it only goes to show how much better than any monthly we would have done for our subscribers—for the pace, whatever it was, by no means fulfilled our idea of what a wide-awake weekly ought to do. The readers of *THE CONTINENT* may rely on us never again to harness ourselves to a monthly's necessities in the production of a serial story.

It is with unalloyed satisfaction that we publish David Dudley Field's protest against the growing disregard of smokers for the rights of their non-smoking fellow-beings. Such instances of inconsiderateness as those which he mentions fall within the experience of every observant person in the land. It is to be remarked that he has nothing to say against the use of tobacco as such, but confines himself to the very reasonable assertion that non-smokers have rights which every smoker who pretends to be moderately considerate of others ought to respect. Practically it has come to this: The smoker asserts by act, if not by word, that in his opinion the rest of the world ought to smoke in order to make things pleasant all round. Granted that the after-dinner cigar, the social pipe, are kindly accessories of modern life, the fact remains that the tobacco habit is not the normal condition of man. To a large portion of the race it is disagreeable, and utterly to ignore the preferences of this portion argues inconsiderate selfishness, to say the very least. We await with some curiosity the counter-pleas which may be filed on behalf of those who think that the air of heaven is unsatisfactory without a dash of tobacco-smoke.

THE fundamental truth contained in one of the short stories published in this number of *THE CONTINENT* receives timely confirmation in the following from *London Truth*. While we believe that the best railroads in this country as well as abroad are managed with a reasonable regard to the endurance of employes and public safety, still the lesson conveyed is worthy the attention of every superintendent who has in charge

the complicated details inseparable from the administration of such a world within a world as a great railway corporation necessarily is:

"By the way, I was speaking to a very intelligent station-master the other day about the crop of holiday railway accidents. 'Do you think,' I said, 'it has much to do with the long hours?' He at once replied, with the utmost warmth and eagerness: 'Sir, you can take your stand upon that. If you are ever in company where that question is started you will be right in denouncing the hours. No one will be able to reply to you then. Undoubtedly, the men are worn out, oppressed and fatigued beyond all powers of attention. Look at that poor fellow in yonder signal-box,' and he pointed to one hard by; 'he has been there for twelve hours at a stretch—every day it is the same thing. That man has not even time to snatch a quiet meal, no rest, dare not relax for a minute. Well, what's the consequence? Some break down and die off, others go off their heads, and you never can tell when the break down is coming. The men won't give in—it's their bread; the station-master daren't complain, and the directors know it. They don't care for the public safety; they can afford the damages. Human life is nothing to them, nor human hearts and brains either. The thing,' he added, 'is scandalous, shameful, notorious.' At that moment an express was sighted; his quick eye caught the pointsman flagging. 'John, look sharp!' and he hurried off. 'John' was in time, and only just. The train flew by like a hurricane, and 'John' lounged away languidly with his hands in his pockets, looking fit for the hospital.'"

EVERY day it is becoming a more difficult matter to decide where good American ends and bad English begins, and there is absolutely no tribunal whose ruling every one is willing to accept. Three times within as many weeks the writer of this paragraph has had to decide whether or no to permit the word "humanitarian"—used in the sense of humane or sympathetic—to pass into the pages of *THE CONTINENT*. The dictionaries were all against it, but the word is often used with that meaning, and dictionaries are, from the necessities of the case, always behind the current vernacular of the day. A dictionary word is not always one which commends itself to good taste, and on the other hand there are words not found in any dictionary which one may use and not be chargeable with ignorance. Books professing to classify for ready reference hundreds of common errors in speech are to be found in every library, but they do not always agree, and when among literary folk a question is referred for decision to any of these authorities, it is more than likely that exception will be forthwith taken to its ruling, that the argument will be continued with added complications, and concluded, if at all, on the strength of individual opinion. It is evident, then, not only that new words are constantly coined or adopted, but that new meanings become attached to old words, and there is no canon law that authoritatively governs the variations. This being the case, it follows that there is no standard save that of popular approval by which the quality of an author's work can be determined. The word already referred to—humanitarian—although it is strictly a theological term, will no doubt make its appearance in the dictionaries before many years with the meaning attached which is to-day received by a large majority of readers.

UPON this loose employment of words the great guild of writers and students naturally and properly acts as a check, and may probably be trusted to prevent the more flagrant violations of good taste from gaining currency. The exact sciences have already been driven to protect themselves by the multiplication of terms drawn from the dead languages, which are not liable to the variations and interchanges of living tongues. So marked a feature is this of the tendency of the times that a New York house has now in preparation a comprehensive dictionary of technical or scientific terms, and the correct and easy use of these must hereafter be a characteristic of the best scientific authorship. Some knowledge, therefore, of Greek and Latin will be indispensable to students in the scientific if not in the classical schools.

**

IN this connection, modern slang demands consideration, and is, of course, at once condemned out of hand by every one who holds to the niceties of speech. But slang, successful slang, slang that lives and moves and has a being, is not to be condemned without at least a hearing. A great deal of it is only used by boys and other people who care naught for the proprieties, but even this has its picturesque aspects. It goes straight at the mark, and recognizes no circumlocution office. It always contains a humorous flavor which lightens discourse that might otherwise be tedious. It is impossible to predict with any degree of certainty whether or no a bit of current slang will be immortal or will only enjoy a temporary run of popularity. Any one in looking back over a term of years can recall a score of slang words and phrases which have had their day and passed into oblivion. Perhaps the most conspicuous instance within the memory of all readers is the "Pinafore" argot. It is forgotten now, and we say "hardly ever" as freely as we did before the comical application of the phrase was shown up by Gilbert and Sullivan. Slang certainly has its part to play in the modern scheme of society. It may not always be elegant, but it is frequently popular. And now and then some genius strikes out a really creditable piece of slang which works its way up or down from the slums into uppertendom, from the Pacific slope, that great forcing-house of slang, to the East, or *vice versa*, gets into print, is adopted in England and comes back, and is forthwith acknowledged as part of the vernacular.

**

FROM the somewhat voluminous correspondence elicited by the two papers on "National Education" already published in *THE CONTINENT* we select the following as evincing the readiness of at least a portion of the public to adopt radical measures for the correction of illiteracy. To many the plan proposed will seem impracticable, and we do not publish it with a view to endorsing its expediency. Indeed we must differ from the writer in one essential particular, namely, that such a tax as he proposes would hardly be felt by those required to pay it. Five per cent on any considerable portion of a small income is a serious matter from the payee's point of view:

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE CONTINENT*: Your reply to one who inquires why the North should be taxed for the education of the South is sufficient, to wit: That in view of our future national and individual security, it is a necessity, since the adequate funds for that purpose cannot be raised in the South.

Should education in that section be left to the law of evolution, illiteracy in the South would scarcely be reduced in a century to the percentage that obtains in the

Northern States. It is evident that a combined movement should be made at once upon Southern ignorance. Even in the North the extent of illiteracy is barely tolerable, since more than half of those who can merely read and write are virtually illiterate so far as intelligence in economics and politics is concerned. To make a strong and effective movement upon ignorance an immense sum of money is required—not less than \$25,000,000 per annum. In the Northern States education costs about two dollars per head of the total population, and about eighteen dollars per head of the pupils actually under instruction. This sum is insufficient by fifty per cent, since the schools rarely provide for that kind of education which manhood and American citizenship most demand.

The necessary amount for the education of the South, and for completing the educational system of the North, could be raised without taxing the mass of the people a cent, or drawing a dollar from the public lands. A tax of five per cent on all net incomes above \$1000 would raise all that would be needed, and without taxing a single individual who could not as well pay his assessment as not. This tax would draw the fund from those who have been enriched by the labor of the poor for the education of whose children it is to be expended, and is no less founded in justice than demanded by the exigency of the case.

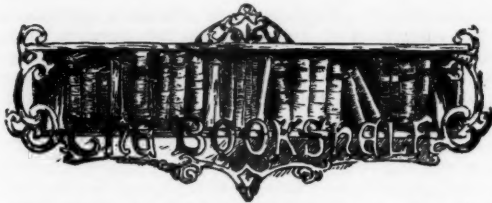
It is true that in the grand total of the national revenue \$25,000,000 seems to be a mere trifle; but it should be remembered that the national income is raised from the poorest as well as from the richest, in proportion to their consumption of the products taxed—a grossly unjust method of raising revenue. Instead, therefore, of still more heavily taxing the poor man's sugar, salt, skillet, coffin and everything he uses, except tea and coffee, the tendency should be toward the reduction of taxes that are sponged out of the sweat of the propertyless class.

Let the people begin to direct their attention to the income tax as at once the most just of all taxes, and one of the most prolific sources of revenue. Let the proceeds of this tax be consecrated to the education of the people, and apportioned to the states on the basis of illiteracy. Instead of assigning the proceeds of the public lands to this object, let all proceeds from that quarter cease, since man's right to a reasonable portion of the unoccupied lands, on condition of residing upon and cultivating it, is a natural right, which it is an outrageous robbery to make him pay for.

If it be said that the reserved sections along the railway lines should be paid for because their value is increased, let it be replied that this argument is an insult, since God, who gave the land to His creatures, did not at the same time provide that every one should come into the world with money enough to buy his natural right to a foothold on the soil, without which no family can have a home nor any agricultural laborer subsist, except as a slave! Besides this, had no land ever been sold to speculators, who never use it except for the plunder of the landless poor, or had no one ever been allowed more than a quarter-section, there would be greater railway facilities for every free settler than there now are for those who are able to pay \$2.50 per acre. Under such a land system railways would have followed the tide of settlement, and every new settler would find a quarter-section within five miles of a depot, two miles of a church, and one and a half miles of a school-house. The dense settlement of the country would have insured all these advantages, and the nearest vacant quarter-sections would be worth \$20 per acre, making the inheritance of the landless man from his Heavenly Father worth \$3200! The land system has thus far been a shameful swindle, enabling the non-toiling few to get rich at the expense and to the impoverishment of the hard-working many.

Let, therefore, this educational fund be raised by a tax on the net incomes of the rich, and a modicum of divine justice will be done on this planet.

L. A. HINE.



MR. RUSKIN's latest work seems to consist principally in onslaughts upon himself, and nothing more diverting has been given to the public than the criticisms appended as foot-notes to the second volume of "Modern Painters."¹ More unhesitating denunciation of early follies and bits of dogmatism never came from mortal pen; and if the fury at times has absurdity, it is of a kind with which pathos is curiously blended, the reader being midway between smiles and, if not tears, something not far from them. For Mr. Ruskin, even when most irritating and impracticable, is so essentially noble in thought and purpose, his aims are so honest and unselfish, and his life so near an approach to the ideal he has set for all of us, that his sharpest critic is disarmed, and need only be referred to the present volume as containing all there is to be said against his victim. The same spell weaves itself as the pages are turned that had power a generation ago; and if broader knowledge makes us better judges, and many statements, fresh then, have come to be part of our mental equipment, and their demonstration to seem quite unnecessary and superfluous, it is to him that we owe it.

There are many to whom Ruskin is *caviare*, but even those who most dislike his vehement long-windedness, and find his most perfect passages mere declamation, should read this final verdict of the mature and ripened man upon himself. Of an innocent and inoffensive passage he writes: "Offensively aggressive in its pietism and rude in its brevity;" of another: "Too fast and far again, by much—the impetus of phrase running away with me. See the mischief of fine writing!" "This last paragraph is heedlessly and insolently written, yet not wholly valueless." In the chapter on "Unity" he comments on the second paragraph: "This is one of the most valuable in essential contents I have ever written; but the literary art and pedantry of it, employed to express the most solemn of truths in a tinkle that shall be pleasant to the ear, are now very grievous to me." Following this paragraph comes one of the many-jointed sentences of his early style, not wholly lost even now, and over this and many like it the author waxes facetious. The lines commented upon read: "But of the appearances of unity, as of unity itself, there are several kinds, which it will be found hereafter convenient to consider separately." To this he appends: "Yes, I should rather think so; and they ought to have been named separately too, and very slowly, and not upset in a heap on the floor, as they are in this terrific two-page sentence. It is all right, however, when once it is sorted."

At another point he wipes out a long quotation from Aristotle with the comment, "Which was only put in to show that I had read him." And so he takes his unflinching course through the pages, which, as they now stand, form certainly one of the most remarkable volumes of modern times, a character-study keener than any autobiography has yet given us.

(1) MODERN PAINTERS. Vol. II. "Of Ideas of Beauty," and "Of the Imaginative Faculty." By John Ruskin. Rearranged and Revised by the Author. 12mo, pp. 258, \$1.50; John Wiley & Son, New York.

In the lovely sketch of a lovely life,² we could better have spared such editing. His enthusiasm for Miss Alexander's graceful drawings finds full justification in the one given—the exquisite face of Ida, sleeping her life away on the last day of the year 1879, and Mr. Ruskin's preface does not detract from the impression made at the first glance. His notes are quite another matter, and his own personality almost offensive when shown in such words, for instance, as follow: "I understand that.—J. R.," as if this alone commended the statement to all reasonable attention. Comment might better have been omitted everywhere save in the preface. The story has beauty and character enough to stand on its own merits. It shall not be outlined here, for the reader would only be deprived of a rare and delicate enjoyment who came to this story of deep human affection, of Christian faith and courage and all noble human qualities with any previous bias of judgment. Mr. Whittier's sonnet in the October *Manhattan* is only a just tribute to the beauty of both life and the setting "Francesca" has given it. Ida is one of the "Lost Jewels" described in a recent number of the *Fors*—the good girls who die young—and the number³ holds a vigorous and most characteristic attack on the present system of short engagements. He is right and wrong, as usual, in these amazing letters, which no workman, save of the "Alton Locke, Tailor," order will ever read, but it must be suggested that these "good girls," described so charmingly and so often by Mr. Ruskin, die early, because they have not vitality enough to be anything but good, their naughtier sisters owning healthier and more rebellious blood.

The same publishers, to whom, by-the-way, American readers owe their first knowledge of Ruskin, and who have been justified in their early faith by the always increasing editions demanded, send also two of Mr. Ruskin's recent lectures on art.⁴ D. G. Rossetti and Holman Hunt fill the first on "Realistic Schools of Painting," and Burne-Jones and Watts the second, on "Mythic Schools and Painting." One criticism on Rossetti's methods will be read with interest:

"Rossetti added to the before-accepted systems of color in painting one based on the principles of manuscript illumination, which permits his design to rival the most beautiful qualities of stained glass, without losing either the mystery or the dignity of light and shade. . . . In object-painting he not only refused, partly through idleness, partly in the absolute want of opportunity for the study of nature involved in his choice of abode in a garret at Blackfriars—refused, I say, the natural aid of pure landscape and sky, but willfully perverted and lacerated his powers of conception with Chinese puzzles and Japanese monsters, until his foliage looked generally fit for nothing but a fire-screen, and his landscape distances like the furniture of a Noah's ark from the nearest toy-shop."

DODD, MEAD & Co. print a first edition of 25,000 copies of the Rev. E. P. Roe's new novel, "His Sombre Rivals," to supply the immediate demand.

E. CLAXTON & Co. have prepared an edition of Byron's works, to be known as the Newstead edition, containing six portraits of Byron and copies from miniatures of many of his friends. The sketch of the poet's life has been prepared by Professor John Nichol and Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson.

(2) THE STORY OF IDA. Epitaph on an Efrurian Tomb. By Francesca. Edited with Preface by John Ruskin. 12mo, pp. 94, \$1.50; John Wiley & Son, New York.

(3) FORS CLAVIGERA. New Series. "Lost Jewels." By John Ruskin. Pp. 20, 25 cents; John Wiley & Son, New York.

(4) THE ART OF ENGLAND. Lectures given in Oxford. By John Ruskin. 1 and II. 12mo, 75 cents; John Wiley & Son, New York.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH's quarterly magazine, *The Bystander*, has been changed to a weekly, to be known as *The Canadian Journal*, which will be edited by the New Brunswick author, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, known to the readers of *THE CONTINENT* through an admirable prose sketch, "The Rawdon's Luck," and "Actæon," a poem recently published.

THE "Round Robin Series" is indebted to Mr. Maurice Thompson for one of its best novels, "His Second Campaign." His little volume, "The Witchery of Archery," published some years ago by the Scribners, is still one of the best authorities on the subject.

AN interesting volume of political reminiscences by the Hon. George W. Julian, is soon to be published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, under the title of "Political Recollections, 1840 to 1872." As one of the anti-slavery leaders, and as a member of the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, Mr. Julian has had exceptional experiences which should make an interesting volume.

THE second number of "Waring's Horse Stories" is only less charming than the first. "Vix" can have no rival, Colonel Waring having made her as distinct a personality as Dr. John Brown with his "Rab," but "Ruby" will certainly stand second in the reader's affections. Paper, print and make-up of the pretty pamphlets are all choice, and the series is sure of welcome. (Paper, pp. 37, ten cents; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

THE "Meisterschaft System" has already had full notice in our columns, as beyond any question a most admirable and successful method of acquiring a practical knowledge of French or German in the shortest space of time and with absolutely certain results. The same method is now applied to Spanish, the first number of the series of pamphlets having just appeared with the same careful editing as marked the previous series. (Fifteen parts, \$5.00; Estes & Lauriat, Boston.)

HISTORICAL AND OTHER SKETCHES," by James Anthony Froude, makes No. 95 of the "Standard Library." The selections are edited and prefaced by President David G. Wheeler, of Alleghany College, who pronounces Mr. Froude to be "among the best masters, living or dead, of the art of writing the English language." Nothing is included in the book which has excited controversy. The selections are partly literary, partly historical, but all in the best manner of the author, and the issue is one of the most attractive of the series. (Paper, 20 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York).

WITH the steadily-increasing love of fiction which is fast becoming a passion, there would seem to be room for the new weekly magazine, edited by William Swinton, one of our best journalists, and known as war correspondent of the *New York Times*. There are readers enough in the United States for all the new ventures, and good fiction may prove fascinating enough to suppress the flood of bad poured out weekly. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who contributes to the first number of *The Story-Teller* a most amusing and delightful tale, called "Cromwell's Statue," says: "I am glad you are going to make such a weekly. I have been for a long time advising and prophesying the formation of a magazine for stories only," and he is by no means alone in the wish for Mr. Swinton's full success.

MR. WILLIAM O. STODDARD has already done excellent work for boys, and "Among the Lakes," while rather a prolonged and pleasant chat over country experiences, than a formal story, is still so bright and genial in tone as to be secure of readers among young and old. The great charm of the book is its simplicity. There are none of the Oliver Optic methods of attracting attention. The boys are every-day boys, fishing and playing ball, and falling into and out of all sorts of boyish scrapes in an eminently

natural manner. There is plenty of humor, and there is not a suggestion of preaching, yet the moral is so inwrought as to be felt even when least apparent. It is a wholesome and hearty book, well worthy a place on every sensible boy's bookshelf. (16mo, pp. 321, \$1.00; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

WHILE Mr. Paxton Hood's "Scottish Characteristics" is, in the nature of things, somewhat a compilation, it is a very delightful one, the anecdotes, some of which we recognize as old acquaintances, being but a small portion of the thread of pleasant comment on which they are strung. The Scotchman prefers, as a rule, not to be dissected, and holds his own usually in all encounters. We all know the result of Johnson's attempt at defining the peculiarity of this obnoxious nation. He hated Scotchmen, but was no match for the Scot's dry sarcasm. In his dictionary, in defining the meaning of oatmeal, he said: "Food for horses and Scotchmen." And the Scotchman who saw it wrote on the margin: "Were there ever such horses, were there ever such men!" Mr. Hood is much of the same mind as the commentator, and has made a book of very positive value. It may be added that the present edition is not "pirated," but is printed from advance sheets sent by the author himself. (Standard Library No. 94, paper, pp. 252, 25 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York).

TWO FACTS insure a certain interest in "The Invisible Lodge," from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, one, that it is the foundation and forerunner of some of his most important romances; the other, that it is the last work we shall have from the busy pen of the Rev. Charles T. Brooks. He was almost our first translator from the German, and hardly another scholar in the country can thoroughly fill his place. Certainly no one else is likely to feel the same enthusiasm, in winding in and out through Richter's interminable involutions, or in finding lucid English for incredibly twisted German. It need not be said that passages of extreme beauty are discoverable here and there, and even gleams of humor, but they are not sufficient to redeem the disjointed thought and straggling sentences of this most defective of Richter's works, though even at its worst it bears the mark of genius, and deserves place among the later, though always incoherent romances of this favorite German writer. (16mo, pp. 406, \$1.00; "Leisure Hour Series." Henry Holt & Co., New York).

EVERY advantage that type and paper can give is lavished on the beautiful volume containing the "Poems, Antique and Modern," of Charles Leonard Moore, whose name has been attached to at least one other volume of verse. That he has marked poetic power cannot be questioned, but he is so deeply tinctured with Shelley and Keats that the influence is perceptible on every page. "Herakles," the opening poem, has many powerful passages, and the shorter poems are marked by much finish and contain lines of real beauty. If not an original poet, Mr. Moore at least deserves to be numbered among the band of singers who deserve far more reputation than is likely ever to be theirs, the flood of musical and pleasing verse being one of the most marked peculiarities of this century in which every cultivated man and woman seems bent upon publishing at least one volume of verse. (Square 12mo, pp. 334, \$2.00; John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia).

THAT St. Luke was a physician and the author of the books of "The Acts," as well as the Gospel that bears his name, are well known facts. How amply the facts agree is shown in a volume issued from the Dublin University Press. ("The Medical Language of St. Luke." By the Rev. William Kirk Hobart, LL. D. Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin, 1882.) If Luke were indeed a physician, he must have left some traces of his professional

training and habit in his writings. Along this line the author has pushed a most patient and scholarly train of investigation of ancient Greek medical technical phrases, which are shown to pervade the writings of St. Luke. This medical bias in the Evangelist's diction is especially manifest in the accounts of the miracles of healing and allusions to the sick; but it is found in the general narrative, outside of medical subjects. For example, in the account of the healing of the demoniac child, St. Matthew gives as the words of the child's father, "Lord, have mercy (*ἐλέησον*) on my son." St. Mark writes: "Master, I have brought (*ἤνεκα*) unto thee my son." St. Luke writes: "Master, I beseech thee, look upon (*επιβλεπὲν*) my son," thus using a medical word meaning "to look into a sick person's state and condition." So also in the synoptic accounts of the same miracle, the command of our Lord concerning the child, "Bring him unto me," Luke betrays the medical bias. While Matthew and Mark use an ordinary word for bring (*ἔφερε*), Luke employs a word (*προσάγει*) which was used of bringing patients to a physician. Again, when St. Luke speaks of the Roman Captain Claudius Lysias (Acts xiii: 33) delivering an epistle or message to the Procurator at Cæsarea, he uses the medical term (*αἰσθόσθαι*) applied to the distribution of nourishment throughout the body, or blood throughout the veins. These and like examples, which are very numerous, are fortified by copious reference to the extant medical writings of ancient times, as the works of Hippocrates, Aretaeus, Galen and Dioscorides. It is surprising to find, by the way, how much of a "medical lingo" these most venerable fathers of physic did have; although their star pales before the sesquipedalian vocabulary of their professional successors of our day! The book is extremely interesting to clergymen and physicians, but we give fair warning that no one who is not well versed in the Adamsian fetish recently made notorious at Harvard need invest in the work.

NEW BOOKS.

- HENRY IRVING. A Short Account of His Public Life. With four illustrations. 16mo, pp. 207, \$1.25; William S. Gottsberger, New York.
- AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES BIDDLE, Vice-President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, 1745-1821. Privately printed. 8vo, pp. 423, \$3.00; E. Claxton & Co., Philadelphia.
- THE PAPER MILL DIRECTORY OF THE WORLD. A Complete Catalogue of all the Paper and Pulp Mills of the Globe. Issued Annually. 1893. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass.
- ITALIAN BY-WAYS. By John Addington Symonds. 12mo, pp. 318, \$1.50; Henry Holt & Co., New York.
- THE STORIED SEA. By Susan E. Wallace. 16mo, pp. 233, \$1.00; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.
- SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER. By Maurice Thompson. 12mo, pp. 96, \$1.00; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.
- QUESTIONS OF BELIEF. Topics of the Times, No. 5. Edited by Titus Munson Coan. Paper, pp. 204, 25 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
- THE DIOTHAS; OR, A FAR LOOK AHEAD. By Ismar Thiusen. 16mo, pp. 358, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
- A RIGHTEOUS APOSTATE. By Clara Lanza. 12mo, pp. 423, \$1.25; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
- THE FREEDOM OF FAITH. By Theodore T. Munger. 12mo, pp. 397, \$1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
- THE MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. A Short and Practical Method of Acquiring Complete Fluency of Speech in the Spanish Language. By Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal. In fifteen parts. Part I. 15 cents each. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.
- THE STORY OF ROLAND. By James Baldwin. 12mo, pp. 415, \$2.00; Charles Scribner's Sons, Boston.
- RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER, 1841-1865. By Captain William Harwar Parker. 12mo, pp. 372, \$1.50; Charles Scribner's Sons, Boston.
- SEVEN STORIES, With Basement and Attic. By Donald G. Mitchell. New and Revised Edition. 12mo, pp. 313, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons, Boston.
- REVERIES OF A BACHELOR; OR, A Book of the Heart. By Ik Marvel. 12mo, pp. 286, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons, Boston.
- A MERE CAPRICE. By Mary Healy. 18mo, pp. 263, \$1.00. Jansen, McClurg & Co.



KEROSENE becomes more deadly every year as the hours of evening lamplight lengthen, and the frequent lighting of fires becomes a daily duty. The fact that these accidents are utterly unnecessary renders them the more lamentable. In the hope of preventing some of these accidents, we state a few facts which everybody ought to know:

- 1—It is not the kerosene that explodes, but an invisible gas that rises from it.
- 2—If oil is poured into a lamp that needs filling, this gas rises out of the lamp or the can, or both, and explodes, often with deadly force, if there be any fire within reach.
- 3—Pouring oil from a can upon a burning fire or into a lighted lamp ought to be followed by a terrible explosion. Sometimes it happens that no explosion occurs, but the risk is frightful.
- 4—The only safe rule is NEVER to pour oil on a burning fire or into a lighted lamp.

Now, you may give Bridget the most positive orders with regard to the fires, but when no one is at hand in the early morning hours, the temptation is strong to assist the smouldering blaze by the aid of a little kerosene. She has done it without injury formerly, why not again? So the nose of the can is tilted over the range or grate, there is a flash, a scream, and poor Bridget will never have another chance to disobey orders. Perhaps it would be better, if Bridget must be allowed access to the can at all—the suggestion is timidly made—to show her how she may aid the fire with comparative safety. All she has to do is to pour a spoonful or two of the oil into a cup or something of the kind, and, setting the can down at a safe distance, pour the oil from the cup upon the fire. It is not likely that she will suffer much injury from the comparatively mild explosion that may follow.

A NATURAL AQUARIUM.—The Granton quarry, on the east coast of Scotland, admits the tide, so that at high water the inlet has a surface area of about ten acres and a depth of sixty feet in some parts. The mouth of this inlet is to be so closed that fishes and other marine animals may be unable to pass through it, while the circulation of the sea water will remain unobstructed. The inclosure will form a natural aquarium, which is to be stocked with marine life of all kinds. A laboratory for students is to be placed on a barge anchored in the quarry, additional quarters being provided in a cottage on shore. This curious scientific aquarium is being established under the auspices of the Scottish Meteorological Society. It would seem that in such an aquarium the "submarine balloon" of M. Toselli might be used to advantage. This is a device which will be used at the forthcoming International Exhibition at Nice, and is made of steel and bronze to enable it to resist the pressure of water at a depth of 120 meters, nearly 160 pounds to the square inch. The vessel is divided into three compartments—the upper for the commander, to enable him to direct the observatory and give explanations to the passengers, who, to the number of eight, occupy the middle compartment. They have under their feet a glass plate, enabling them to see the bottom

of the ocean, with its corals, fishes, grass, etc. The third compartment contains the buoyant chamber, whose power of flotation can be regulated at will. As the sea is dark at the depth of 70 meters, the observatory is to be lighted by electricity, and a telephone communicates with the surface.

.

FROSTED BITS are often very painful and injurious to horses in cold weather, and as the season is now approaching when metal becomes cold enough to freeze any moist surface which it touches, a timely word of warning is in season. If any one is curious as to the effect of a frosted bit on the tender skin of a horse's tongue and lips, let him touch his tongue to a piece of metal that has been out in the cold all night, and has not had a chance to be warmed by the sun. If he does so he will be lucky if the skin does not adhere to the metal, leaving a very sore spot on the tongue. This is precisely what takes place when a frozen bit is inserted in a horse's mouth, and the suffering caused the poor animal is often extreme. The bit, under such conditions, should be warmed, either by holding it in the hands, or rubbing it, or letting it lie for a few minutes in a warm place. Or it may be wrapped in cloth or leather and placed at once in the horse's mouth, where it will soon become warm, and the covering can then be removed. A better way of testing the freezing powers of cold metal than that suggested above is to wet a piece of cloth or paper and apply it to a frosty metal surface. It will freeze to it instantly, and very likely tear before it can be removed.

.

THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF AMBER.—This appears to be inexhaustible. The "blue earth" of Samland—the most important source of the supply—extends along the Baltic for sixty miles, and possesses a breadth of about twelve miles and an average thickness of ten feet. Runge estimates that every twelve cubic feet of this earth contains a pound of amber. This gives a total of some 9,600,000,000 pounds, which, at the present rate of quarrying, is sufficient to last for thirty thousand years. Amber is the fossilized gum of trees of past ages, and, on the supposition that these trees had the same resin-producing capacity as the Norway spruce, and that the amber was produced on the spot where it is now found, Goeppert and Menge, in a new German work, estimate that three hundred forest generations of one hundred and twenty years each must have grown on the Samland blue earth to give it its present richness in this product. It is much more probable, however, that the amber came from a large area, and has been collected in its present position by the action of water. It is also probable that the trees were more resinous than the Norway spruce.

.

RAISINS BETTER THAN WINE.—According to Sir William Gull, Queen Victoria's physician, and of course eminent in his profession, it is better in case of fatigue from overwork to eat raisins than to resort to alcohol. In his testimony before the Lords' Commission in London, a few months ago, he affirmed "that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when exhausted, they might very well drink water, or they might very well take food; and they would be very much better without the alcohol." He added, as to the form of food he himself resorts to, "in case of fatigue from overwork, I would say that if I am thus fatigued my food is very simple—I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. For thirty years I have had large experience in this practice. I have recommended it to my personal friends. It is a limited experience, but I believe it is a very good and true experience." This is valuable testimony; we know of none better from medical sources; and we commend it to the thoughtful consideration of all those who are in the habit of resorting to "a little wine for thy stomach's sake."



I'm not at all conceited,
But I think I know my station—
Being quite the style at present
In the way of decoration.

I often pose for pictures,
Am petted and admired,
And that you know is a dreadful bore,
And apt to make one tired.

But fashions change and I, no doubt,
May some day find myself
Leading a life of sweet repose
On the highest studio shelf.

LIZZIE L. SYLVESTER.

The Three-Cent Stamp.

GOOD-BY, old stamp; it's nasty luck
That ends our friendship so;
When others failed you gamely stuck,
But now you've got to go.
So here's a flood of honest tears,
And here's an honest sigh—
Good-by, old friend of many years—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

Your life has been a varied one,
With curious phases fraught—
Sometimes a check, sometimes a dun,
Your daily coming brought;
Smiles to a waiting lover's face,
Tears to a mother's eye,
Or joy or pain to every place—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

You bravely toiled, and better men
Will vouch for what I say;
Although you have been licked, 'twas when
Your face turned t'other way.
'Twas often in a box you got
(As you will not deny)
For going through the mails, I wot—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

Ah! in your last expiring breath
The tale of years is heard—
The sound of voices hushed in death,
A mother's dying word,
A maiden's answer, soft and sweet,
A wife's regretful sigh,
The patter of a baby's feet—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

What wonder, then, that at this time,
When you and I must part,
I should aspire to speak in rhyme
The promptings of my heart?
Go, bide with all those memories dear
That live when others die—
You've nobly served your purpose here—
Good-by, old stamp, good-by!

—EUGENE FIELD in Boston Transcript.